

# COMMISSIONER'S WESTERN TOUR--See Page 16.



21st Year, No. 15,

WILLIAM BOOTH,  
General.

TORONTO, JANUARY 7, 1905.

THOMAS B. COOMBS,  
Commissioner.

Price, 5 Cents.

## Toronto's Christmas Relief.

### Two Thousand People Receive Provisions for Holiday Feast.

As in previous years, Toronto has been well to the front with providing Christmas cheer for the deserving poor of the city. At least two thousand people, who would have had scanty fare otherwise, received provisions for a holiday feast, the baskets containing fowl, beef, sugar, tea, cake, biscuits, apples, bread, potatoes, etc.

The staff of the C. O. P. Office was busy on Friday, Dec. 23rd, packing baskets till late at night. Our "sub" dropped in and took a snapshot of the busy crew, who worked happy in the knowledge of doing a little toward brightening Christmas Day to some lonely and suffering one.

The people provided liberally toward the expenses in the boxes which were placed at several street corners.

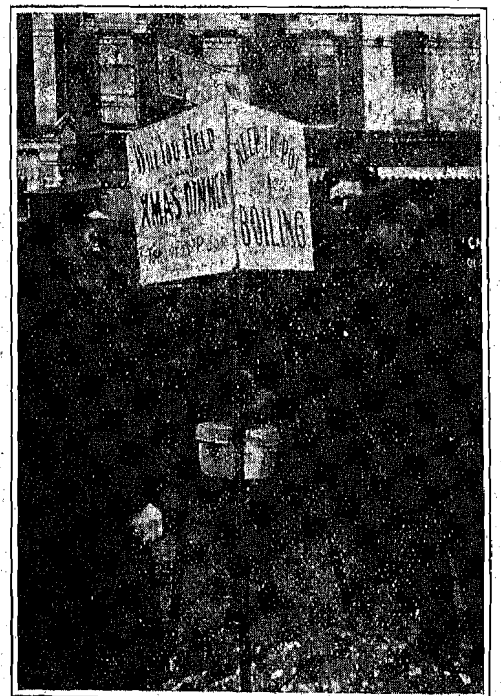
On New Year's (Monday) dinner for several hundred poor children will be given in the Temple, followed by a suitable entertainment.



Packing the Hundreds of Baskets for Deserving Poor.



Distributing the Baskets on Christmas Eve.



The Christmas Pot, Corner of Albert and Yonge Sts., Toronto.

## ONE LESS AT HOME.

One less at home!  
The charmed circle broken; one dear face  
Missed day by day from its accustomed place;  
But cleansed, and saved, and perfected by  
grace,  
One more in heaven!

One less at home!  
One voice of welcome hushed, and evermore  
One farewell word unspoken; on the shore  
Where parting comes not, one soul landed  
more—  
One more in heaven!

One less at home!  
A sense of loss which meets us at the gate;  
Within, a place unfilled and desolate;  
And far away, our coming to await,  
One more in heaven!

One less at home!  
Chill as the earth-born mist the thought would  
rise,  
And wrap our footsteps round, and dim our  
eyes;  
But the bright sunbeam darteth from the  
skies—  
One more in heaven!

One more at home!  
This is not home, where, cramped in earthly  
mould,  
Our sight of Christ is dim, our love is cold;  
But there, where face to face we shall behold,  
Is home and heaven.

One less on earth!  
Its pain, its sorrow, and its toil to share;  
One less the pilgrim's daily cross to bear;  
One more the crown of ransomed saints to  
wear,  
At home in heaven.

One more in heaven!  
Another thought to brighten cloudy days,  
Another theme of thankfulness and praise,  
Another link on high our soul to raise  
To home and heaven.

One more at home!  
That home where separation cannot be,  
That home where none are missed eternally—  
Lord Jesus, grant us all a place with Thee  
At home in heaven!  
Sarah Geraldina Stock.

## WOMEN INEBRIATES.

Another statistical report points in the direction of an alarming increase in women drunkards during the last twenty years. The figures relating to deaths resulting from alcoholic excesses in the decade ending with the last century are appalling, and the number of such deaths among women in 1900 was more than double the number in 1891. The same thing appears to be taking place in Ireland, for the report of the Registrar-General just issued shows that in 1891 nineteen women died from delirium tremens and chronic alcoholism, and in 1900 this number had increased to forty-one, an increase of over 100 per cent.

## THE DRINK HABIT.

A medical man, writing on inebriety, relates the following case of a woman enslaved by alcohol, which shows in a striking manner how powerful a hold the drink habit can obtain upon one:

"The woman was married, and only twenty-one years of age. Her father and brother had died from alcoholism. She went first to a private home for six months, paying £60, and leaving as cured. She relapsed within a week, and then underwent a special cure for four months. Later she was treated for six weeks, being inoculated twice in the arm. For this she paid forty guineas. No improvement followed. Two years later, being still worse, she entered another retreat, relapsing two days after leaving it. Three other homes were tried with similar results. Finally, she was brought to Claybury Asylum, after attempting suicide."

The records of the Salvation Army inebriate homes for women show some marvelous

cases of cures. Concerning these results a medical man has said:

"Under any circumstances they would be creditable, but when we consider the material on which you work is such that it would be rejected as hopeless by many other organizations, then your results are marvelously successful."

## BEWARE!

The frightful death is recorded of a well-known American physician who had long been investigating the cocaine habit, which is widely prevalent in America, and trying to find an antidote. For the purpose of ascertaining the effects of cocaine on the system, he was accustomed to take large doses of the drug, and while seated before a mirror, under a brilliant light, calmly note the changes in the color of his skin, muscular action, and mental condition. A short time ago, however, the physician was discovered in his apartment in a state of furious insanity, smashing the furniture and attempting to set the place on fire. He was removed to the hospital, where he lapsed into unconsciousness, and died next day. An autopsy proved that he had taken enormous doses of cocaine. It is said that he left a note showing that his experiments with antidotes were successful. Be that as it may, the martyr to science has clearly demonstrated to the world the horrible effects upon the human system that follow the use of drugs. We earnestly advise our readers to beware of them in any shape or form.

## GOD STAYED HIS HAND.

At Sale, during a visit some time ago of the Provincial Commander, a drunken man stood on the outskirts of the ring. It was a very cold night, few people were about, and it appeared that the meeting was not very effective. The poor drunkard's heart was touched, however, and he followed the soldiers to the hall and got converted. He afterwards testified that the story told by the Staff Officer in the open-air was similar to his own experience. He at one time kept a public-house, and drank himself out of it. His wife died, and he harbored bitter feelings against God, but he now saw that it was one of the plans by which God wanted to bring him to Himself. Only a few weeks previously he was so mad with drink that he determined to take his life. He searched a chest of drawers, and the whole house, for his revolver, but could not find it, and at last flung himself into a chair, sick and disgusted with everything. When his passion had subsided he had occasion to put his hand into his pocket for his handkerchief, and there he found the missing revolver! He considered it was the good Providence of God that had spared his life.

## CAUGHT.

We were startled to read in the newspapers the other day of a poor fellow who had the misfortune to have his foot caught in a frog, and then had the maddening experience of seeing a train come rushing toward him. We are told that the agonies he endured the few seconds he was in such peril caused his hair to turn white within three minutes. Providentially a man happened to see him, rushed to his assistance and jerked him from out the rails just in time, for a second or two later the locomotive and its train thundered by.

There is a forceful lesson in this incident. We see the sinner caught in the frog of sin—held so tightly that human effort is unavailing. He struggles to free himself as he sees approaching destruction, but his frantic efforts are in vain. In his helplessness comes the Saviour reaching out to him, when he calls, arms of mercy and deliverance, snatching the poor captive from the very jaws of eternal death. But we must call upon Him. We must realize our helpless condition. We must feel the need of a deliverer, and we must allow Him to free us from our sins.

"If the Son, therefore, shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed."

## The Purity of Heaven.

"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

What joy could there be in heaven for a sinner in the presence of the holy Jehovah, before whom angels veil their faces with their wings, crying, "Holy, holy, holy"? The vision of purity is too bright for him to look upon. His polluting stains, his unholy desires, his unbended pride would mar the beauty, it would spoil the lustre of that holy place. The golden harps would look less brilliant, the seraph's song would sound less sweet, and the Lamb who is in the midst of the throne, who was slain to put away sin, would lose his glory, "for Christ would rather abdicate His crown than stoop from heaven to give the proud a throne."

What was it that so soon changed the glorious beauty of our Eden into a desolation, and brought such misery on the children of men? Sin had found entrance there; sin had weakened their faith in God—it has changed their love for each other into distrust—it had polluted their heartiest services. And what wonder is it if peace could no longer dwell with them? What had they to do with peace when sin was gnawing the root of their happiness, turning in bitterness, and making them doubt even the promises of God? The peace of God which passeth all understanding cannot dwell with sin.

Ye must, therefore, be washed and purified before you can enjoy communion and fellowship with the saints above. For there shall be nothing to rust nor to destroy in all God's holy mountain, for the ransomed of the Lord are there. They have returned and come to Him, the Perfection of Beauty, to follow the Bright and Morning Star, the Sun of Righteousness, whose healing rays had melted their hearts, convincing them of His love, purifying them from sin, filling their weakened imaginations with the light of the glorious liberty of the sons of God.

Yes, they have returned from the paths of sin and folly to walk before God in the beauty of holiness, to serve Him day and night in His temple, to sing the new song of Moses and the Lamb, that song which is ever new, casting their bright crowns at the Redeemer's feet to remain through the countless ages of eternity as trophies of his love and power to save.

Dreams cannot picture a world so fair,  
Sorrow and death cannot enter there.

Williemina Robertson, Montreal.

## Opinions of the Press.

(Peterboro Daily Evening Review, Monday, Dec. 12th.)

Commissioner Coombs impressed the gathering as being a man with a mission, and with having the ability to enforce it. The Commissioner is an able speaker, his manner being fervent and impressive. No doubt under his leadership the S. A. in Canada will go forward to greater victories than those which have been won beneath its banner throughout the Dominion. By the large attendances at yesterday's meetings it was evident that Peterboro was proud to do honor to the new leader.

(The Daily Examiner, Monday, Dec. 12th.)

The Commissioner is a speaker of ability and power. His language is fluent, while his earnest and pathetic manner of delivery is most effective upon his hearers, who cannot feel otherwise than inspired with the great results of the Army's work, when they are presented by a speaker of Commissioner Coombs' ability. Though he is less fleshy, and has his beard trimmed slightly different to what it was when he was here before, he has not changed very much in appearance. His addresses yesterday were excellent discourses, and added a strong impetus to the course of the Army in Peterboro.



## THE PETERBORO BAND.

The Salvation Army must have music—must have first-class music. While we do not despise the efforts of the unskilled, when they play and sing to the glory of God, yet there can be no question that the capable musician has a place of great usefulness in the Salvation Army.

The sixteen thousand saved bandsmen serving under the Yellow, Red, and Blue flag are formed into bands in cities and towns nearly all over the world. Canada is fast gaining an excellent reputation for its salvation music. The Canadian Staff Band, at the International Congress, was greatly appreciated and spoken highly of by musical authorities in the Old Land.

Peterboro has been in the front rank, as far as Salvation Army bands are concerned, for many years now. Not only has it been of very great service to the local corps, but we are quite right in saying if it were disbanded the loss of its sweet harmonies would be felt very much by citizens of the city generally. The City Council gives to them a grant of money as a token of its practical appreciation.

The band has swelled considerably numerically during the past year. Due to certain inducements held out by the bandmaster, and others interested in the band, a number of able players have crossed "the big dyke," have been found situations, and made their homes in Peterboro..

One striking feature of the band is that a goodly number of Salvation Army instruments are used, and are giving satisfaction; the bandmaster having had the opportunity of being present in London at the great International Congress, with other members of the band, has now an excellent idea of what the Salvation Army can do at St. Albans in the way of manufacturing brass instruments, and made the occasion of his visit the time for buying additional horns for the band.

Let our memories carry us back fifteen or sixteen years, to the time when the Peterboro Band was first started. Capt. Pople was the officer in charge, and, being fond of music, gave every encouragement to the enterprise. It was a queer, but none the less attractive,

little band. The Captain played a cornet; Mark Spencely, better known as "Cabbage Mike," did wonders on a tenor horn, which leaked dreadfully. It was repaired with soap, and Mark blew so vigorously in the exhilaration he felt in being a Salvation Army bandsman that the soap could not stand the pressure of the blast, and came out all over the instrument. There were others who came along and helped the band out from time to time. Some stuck with it, fair weather or fine; others quit and joined other bands after they had had their tuition in the Salvation Army band, as has been experienced all over the world. But there was always a good percentage of devoted bandsmen who kept on playing for the glory of God. Passing through difficulties too numerous to mention, the Peterboro Band is to-day in excellent condition—numerically and musically.

The officer in charge of the corps, Adj. Jennings, says of them:

"The band is one of which Peterboro can well boast, for besides their excellent playing, the members are a good crowd to play.

"Their playing is very fine, and in perfect harmony. A praiseworthy feature of this band is that at any time they are so willing to render their services, and when done playing they take up the singing, and can keep the meeting going real lively. This is certainly pleasing to an officer, making them an all round help in every meeting.

"There are a number of good singers and speakers among them, who evince a readiness to do what they can at all times to push the claims of God on the hearts of the unconverted. They can, many of them, be found to remain and pray and fish, and work with all their hearts in every prayer meeting, and it is not unusual to see bandsmen leading to the penitent form those with whom they deal personally. Praise God for such a band, and may God bless them, and ever keep them in that willing, earnest, godly spirit."

Adj. and Mrs. Jennings, the present officers, are loved very much by the band; they take a keen interest in the musical side of the corps, and give the band every chance to help them in every possible way.

A few brief particulars respecting the players will be quite in order:

J. M. Greene is the Bandmaster. He is one of a Salvation Army family, and commenced playing an instrument when he was only nine years of age, and manipulated cleverly the E flat bass for eight years. He has been the Bandmaster for many years, and has devoted unsparingly his abilities and time to the band's development.

Walter Northcott, Deputy Bandmaster, is a first-class man for the position. Was Bandmaster several years in Reading II. Band, England, before coming to this country. He is loved and thought a good deal of by all the band.

Jas. Thomas, Band Sergeant. An old hand at this job, being Sergeant in Leeds III. Band for a number of years before coming here, nearly two years ago, and has just now entered on his second term. Takes a keen interest in the League work, and has been known to be working in this particular branch at all hours of the day and night.

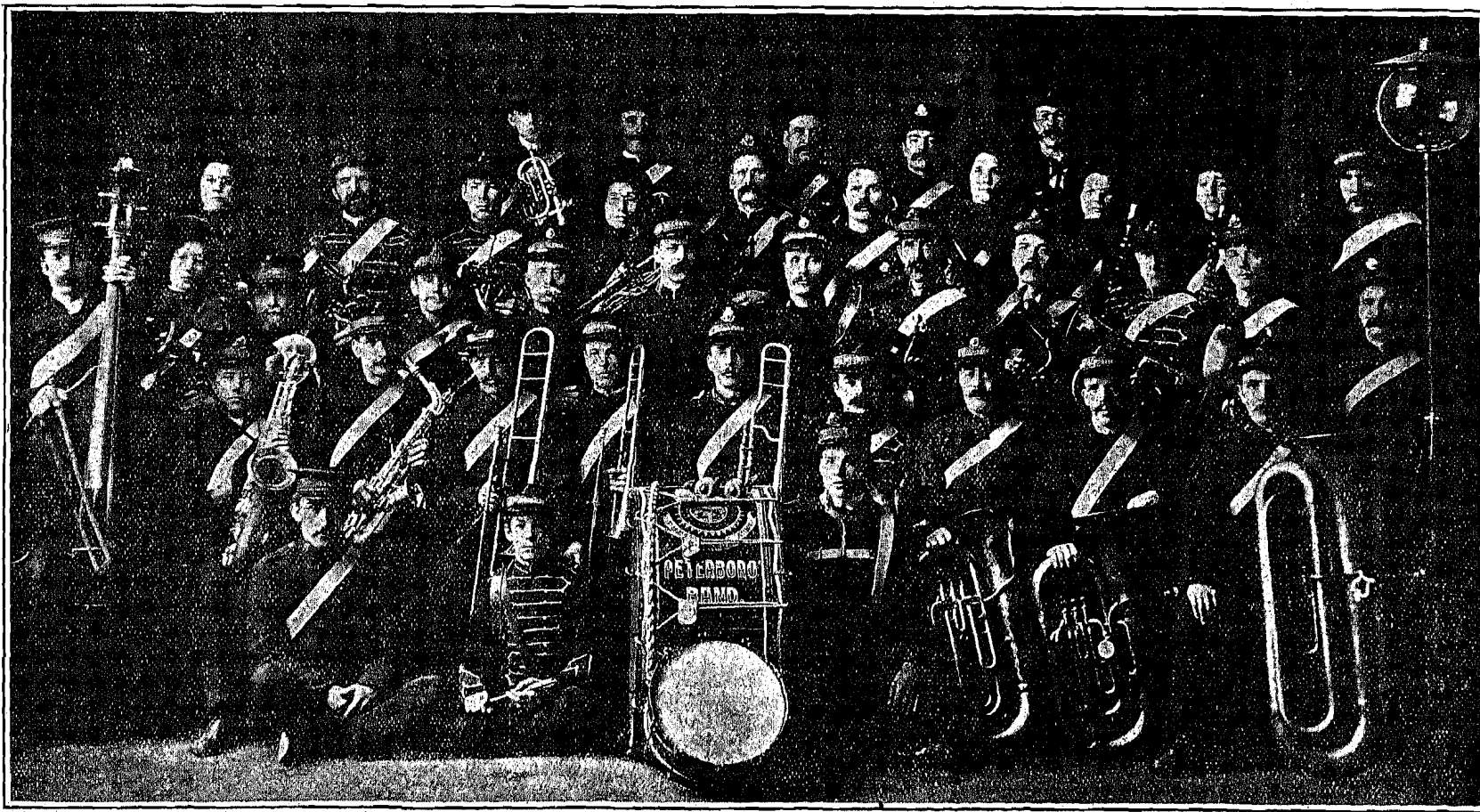
Several weeks ago Bandsman Edmondson, who was driving along the street, not hearing the street car coming, started to cross the track, and was immediately struck by it, and how singularly, Band Sergeant Thomas was the motorman. Bro. Edmondson was hurt very bad, and has been laid up for several weeks. The members of the band all prayed earnestly for the Lord to restore him, so he can be back to his old place again. Brother Thomas felt much grieved.

The band was offered \$75 last summer if it would take an engagement for a day, but the members declined, thinking it best to stand firm on the principles of the organization which they all love so much, believing that God would no doubt reward them tenfold.

The band plays the latest Journals, getting them by mail direct from London, Eng., as soon as they are off the press.

Our band has taken a great interest in the Bandsman's Page in the Cry, and read its articles each week with pleasure. We trust now the page has been opened up for bandsmen especially, that it may long continue.

We are sure every lover of good music wishes the Peterboro Band every success. During past years its sweet playing has attracted thousands into the house of God, and through the efforts of its members very many have been led to a sin-pardoning Christ.



Top Row (from left).—Harry Lloyd; Jos. Thomas, Band Sergt.; Thos. Scott; Walter Northcott, Dep. B. M.; Jno. Montgomery. Second Row.—M. Bacon; J. Boorman; B. Boorman; Mrs. H. Greene; W. Payton; R. C. Braund; Mrs. S. C. Greene; Mrs. R. C. Braund; J. Brooks. Third Row.—Mrs. Lloyd; H. Edmondson; F. Gray; Capt. Gates; Brigadier Turner; Adj. Jennings; H. Greene; F. Gandy; W. Boorman; S. C. Greene; Jas. True, Col. Sergt. Fourth Row.—W. Naish; H. Daffoe; R. Brown; E. Hersley; T. Slight; J. M. Greene, Bandmaster; C. Gadd; B. Gray; W. Wilson; T. Brooks; W. Harding. Front Row.—J. Vincent; Wilfred Boorman; H. Jobe.

# FAITH HEALING.

Extracts from a Pamphlet by the General, Issued for the Guidance of Army Officers.

## 3.—Sickness and the Will of God.

The Bible plainly teaches that God at times permits, or actually sends, sickness on His people—sometimes for their profit, that they may be made partakers of His holiness, sometimes as a chastisement for their unfaithfulness, or their unbelief, or their sins. Again and again we have evidence, in the history of His ancient people, of His sending them afflictions to compel their attention to their idolatries and their wickednesses. Because they neglected His statutes, broke His commandments, fraternised with His enemies, or gave themselves up to idolatry, He sent them serpents, and droughts, and sickness, and famines, and foreign foes with fire and sword. And when they repented, confessed their sins, and returned to Him, He delivered and took them into His favor again.

No doubt, God still connects suffering with sin. We have plenty of evidence of this around us to-day. But because the drunkard, and the gambler, and the fornicator, suffer on account of their vicious habits, and because the hand of affliction falls upon the backslider, and the saint who is following Christ afar off, to argue that every young girl we meet with the hectic flush of consumption on her cheek, and every dear saint who lies dying, and every officer who has contracted fever by his work in the slums, or his toil in a malarial land, thereby gives evidence of the presence of sin, and the "finger of the devil," is not only unscriptural but simply foolish; nay, it is near being absolutely wicked.

Think for a moment, if this were true, what the consequences would be. Many of God's choicest saints, in all ages down to the present day, must have been mistaken in supposing that their afflictions came from Him, and were to be endured as being in His will. Job, himself—the greatest example of human patience in affliction whose record God presents to us in His Word—must, according to this notion, have been totally misled when he said, in the very height of his sufferings: "What, shall we receive good at the hand of God, and shall we not receive evil?" And when, in the midst of his grief at the loss of his children, he exclaimed: "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

If this doctrine were true, then the precious grace of resignation has no place in the chambers of human suffering, and the afflicted and dying saints have all been mistaken in saying and thinking, "This is God's way. His will be done." Such teaching strikes at the very root of all real union with God, and almost makes the prayer of the Lord Jesus Himself to be wrong, when, in His acute physical as well as mental anguish, He cried out in the Garden, "Oh, My Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from Me; nevertheless, not as I will, but as Thou wilt."

## 4.—Sickness and the Atonement.

It is said by some of those who hold the views to which I am referring—although not by all, for there is a considerable difference of opinion among them on this subject—that Jesus obtained either by His life or His death—some say one and some say the other—deliverance from every form of physical sickness and pain, and that all that is needed to be entirely free from both is to claim exemption by faith.

Now, this opinion is false, and calculated to lead those who hold it into serious diffi-

culty; nay, it has led many earnest children of God into the gross darkness of unbelief. And first, let us consider what may perhaps be termed the root from which much of this difficulty has sprung, viz., the notion that Christ has made redemption for the body, in this life, in the same sense that He has redeemed the soul. There is not a single word of Scripture to justify such an assertion. On the contrary, there is unquestionable authority for affirming the very opposite.

Both Jesus and the apostles frequently spoke of death as certain for all men. There are, indeed many testimonies that the apostles desired to die in order that by their death they might seal the witness of their lives with their blood. But the very glory of Christ's work for the soul was that He redeemed it from sin and death; that death, the wages of sin, should have no power, no victory, over it. To say, then, that He redeemed the bodies of His saints as He redeemed their souls, while He left them to perish in corruption and death, just like the bodies of the vilest sinners, is to state what is absurd.

But does not Paul expressly speak of "the redemption of the body"? Yes, and he expressly speaks of it as something that is not to be realized in this life, but hoped for in the next. In his letter to the Romans he says: "For we know that the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now. And not only they, but ourselves also, which have the first fruits of the Spirit, even we ourselves groan within ourselves, waiting for the adoption, to wit, the redemption of our body."

In other words, the whole creation is in a suffering state—subject to pain, and sickness, and death—and we also, who, through Christ, have the Spirit of God in our hearts and lives, groan within ourselves, because of the ills we have to suffer, in common with all mankind. But there is a great hope for us—a better time coming, when, just as our bodies have been delivered from the burden of sin in virtue of our Saviour's sacrifice, so our bodies also shall, by the power of His resurrection, be freed from all these physical miseries and be raised from the dead.

And as if to prevent any possibility of the very mistake into which some people have fallen, namely, that this redemption of the body is to come in this life, Paul goes on, in the very next verses: "For we are saved by hope; but hope that is seen is not hope; for what a man seeth, why doth he yet hope for? But if we hope for that we see not, then do we with patience wait for it." That is to say, having a well-grounded hope of this great deliverance and final triumph, we can patiently wait for it until the time God has appointed for the final resurrection and restoration of all things. But to say that we hope for what we have is ridiculous. To argue, therefore, that this redemption of the body is for us, the followers of Christ, now in this life, is to flatly contradict the Apostle's positive declaration, and to set up our little human fancies in actual opposition to the solemn Word of God, the Holy Ghost.

It will, of course, be evident that if the redemption of the body relates to what Paul calls the "spiritual body," or resurrection body, and not to what he speaks of as our "natural body," which he expressly says is condemned to die, then it cannot be contended with honesty that Jesus Christ obtained deliverance from physical disease and pain, in the same sense as He secured, for those who trust Him, salvation from sin. But it may, perhaps, be useful to examine that aspect of the question by itself for a moment. It is one with regard to which great mistakes have been made.

(To be continued.)

## AN S. A. INVENTION.



This photo of the two comrades, father and son, shows the inventor of what is without doubt the best band lamp on the market at the present time. A great demand has been created for this lamp, it being supplied largely to missions, churches, chapels, and to the military authorities for camp and band use, in addition to which our bands, of course, use it extensively.

## Local Officers.

The local officers of the Salvation Army are no doubt among the happiest people in the world. If the secret of happiness is in making others happy, then there will be no contention about this matter. For locals have no axe to grind, nothing personal to seek or to serve, and no vain ambition to allure them from the right path. Their appointments were, as a rule, bestowed on them on the merits of their unselfish devotion to the needs of others. God has blessed them.

He has blessed them with some of the inestimable blessings of heaven. He has clothed them with a measure of sacred authority, placed them by the side of men and women who are proud to honor them with their trust, and, to a large extent, their time and labor. Did but local officers realize it, see it, feel it, their position is among the most important in the world; for while they do the work of the Lord's stewards and evangelists, no one can charge them with being hirelings.

"I would rather be stable-boy to the king than a field-marshal in Napoleon's army," said a British officer, full of the pride of patriotism. For are we not, in a sense, keepers of men's consciences, leaders of God's people, and messengers in the highest sense? Let us rise to the dignity of the friends of Christ, and think, and pray, and act as such.—The Local Officer.

## BOMBARDMENT OF PANAMA.

The War Cry of the West Indies for December contained the following:

"Panama! At last 'We are there!' Staff-Capt. Leib, accompanied by the newly-appointed D. O., Adj. Jackson, left Jamaica on the R.M.S. LaPlata on Nov. 12th, and by the time these notes are being read we hope to have news of the successful opening of a country which bids fair to be the key to the heart of Central America."

News has now been received that the representatives of the Army have received one of the warmest and most sympathetic receptions possible from General Davis, in charge of the Canal Zone; the President of the Republic, the Governor of Colon, through all ranks down to the "man on the street." A corps has already been established in Colon, two Jamaican officers, Capt. Cox and Lieut. Reid, having taken charge, and the prospects right through are of the brightest. Adj. and Mrs. Jackson, the newly-promoted and appointed Divisional Officers, are full of faith that a wonderful campaign of soul-saving victory shall be the result of the operations now commenced. The West Indian War Cry already has a large sale, crowds of people are attending the meetings held, and souls are getting saved.

As soon as the Christian forgets his Master he is likely to stub his toe on some mystery.



# THE GENERAL IN IRELAND.

## GREAT BELFAST GATHERINGS.

### Lord Mayor Presided Over a Magnificent Meeting.

The General had scarcely returned from his remarkable continental trip, when he was off for a visit to the Emerald Isle. His meetings at Belfast were blessed gatherings.

The reception at the soldiers' meeting on Saturday night was an outburst of spontaneous enthusiasm seldom, if ever, surpassed.

The weather on Sunday was not at all helpful to public meetings—wet above and wet beneath. While thick clouds covered the sky, a thick layer of mud covered the streets. The crowd almost filled the mighty Palace at 11 a.m.

The General's theme had burnt itself into his soul, and, consequently, found expression in fiery sentences which entered the hearts of the vast audience present. Although we did not get the large number at the mercy-seat that we expected, we went away confident that the fruit would yet be gathered.

### The Lord Mayor's Thanks.

The weather was no more favorable in the afternoon; nevertheless, the spacious Palace was gorged from top to bottom to hear the General speak of the accomplishments of the Salvation Army.

The Right Hon. Sir Otto Jaffe, Lord Mayor of Belfast, occupied the chair. He was supported by many of the best citizens.

Introducing the General, Sir Otto Jaffe said:

"On behalf of not only those present, but of all the inhabitants of Belfast, I, as their Chief Magistrate, want to tender our sincere thanks to General Booth for his coming amongst us to-day. (Applause.) I was asked if I had prepared a speech; I replied 'No,' for it is not necessary when I have to express that which comes from the bottom of my heart. (Applause.) We thank the General; we admire the wisdom he has displayed; and we praise God for what He has enabled His servant to accomplish."

The General was received with unbounded enthusiasm, and, with his first words, gripped his audience and held the vast throng for over ninety minutes.

In putting a vote of thanks, moved by Councillor Johnson and seconded by Robert Gibson, Esq., J.P., the Lord Mayor said they would all leave the building better men and women for having heard the General.

### Thousands Wedged in!

Blowing a gale at night! But an hour beforehand there were hundreds standing in the wind and wet waiting for the doors to open. Ultimately a huge congregation was simply wedged together from side to side of the building, while clamoring outside the closed doors in the terrible storm were hundreds of disappointed people.

By the grace of God the General was equal to the mighty task.

"I had," he said, "a feeling upon me as I rolled along in the train, and crossed over in the boat last night, that we ought to have another revival in Ireland. Why not? God is able."

"Yonder in Wales the fire is spreading; men and women are being converted; the tap-rooms are being closed; the brothels are being shut up. In one of the churches, when the minister had done preaching, and was about to leave the pulpit, a little girl walked up to the communion rail and sang a solo, whereupon the meeting was restarted, and ere it closed fifty men and women had been converted."

"Why don't you work? Why are you satisfied with a standstill, sit-still, stagnant sort of religion? God wants soldiers who can die, but not retreat—die, but not run away—die, but not surrender!"

The prayer meetings were hand-to-hand fights with hell. We had literally to rush the trenches, but Jehovah's hosts shouted loud hallelujahs over 130 captives.

Amongst these was a woman inebriate who came to the meeting out of sheer bravado to her husband, who had forbidden her to attend. Also a young man who confessed to falsification of accounts and other crimes.—John Lawley.

♦ ♦ ♦

## GLOUCESTER AND HEREFORD.

The General, after his week-end campaign at Reading, was early astir in preparation for his Monday's engagements.

The first of those was at Gloucester, where, in the afternoon, the Guild Hall was filled with the city's best people. His Worship, the Mayor (Langley Smith, Esq.) took the chair, and introduced the General with some well-chosen words. He spoke of the work of the Army and the inspired career of its founder.

The audience was held spellbound by the General's addresses, and our work in Gloucester will reap great benefit from the visit.

At 7.45 the Drill Hall at Hereford was gorged, two thousand people being present.

The Deputy-Mayor occupied the chair, and was supported by the Mayor and Corporation.

In proposing a vote of thanks, the Mayor eulogized the Army's work, and here again the influence of the meeting is certain to be of a lasting character.

## A Letter from India.

To the Editor, Canadian War Cry,—

It is now some time since I wrote to the pages of the War Cry from this far-off land of India; not because my heart has grown cold towards thee. Oh, no; how could I forget the land where I fought so many battles for my Lord?

It is now nearly four years since I set foot on India's shore—as I glance back it seems but as yesterday. Perhaps I am now in a better position to inform my readers than heretofore. What I write I desire to be understood in its true light, for there is a great difference of conception between the Eastern and Western mind. It is only after the missionary has been on the field for years that he is able to arrive at sound conclusions regarding the heathen and their needs. Anyone will readily understand that habits and thoughts of a lifetime are not so easily changed. To become an avowed follower of Christ in India is to incur reproach and bitter ignominy. Those who make a profession of Christianity are ultimately considered as outcasts. A great task, therefore, lies before the missionary. I am more than ever impressed with the necessity of establishing industrial missions. I have not traveled through the villages of India for the last four years without their necessity being impressed upon me. Here and there are to be found men and women idly and listlessly throwing time away—nothing to do! I, with my comrade-Salvationists here, believe in the religion of work—taking for example our own General, who works unceasingly. The other day, in a far-off town of India, I had occasion to call upon Europeans for donations for Self-Denial. One saluted me with these words, "Your General is a grand man, for he has done so much for the poor." Pray for the missionaries of India, for we are only human—we are only men and women of like manner as you, surrounded with a thousand and one temptations.

Two thousand years ago we learn India had a civilization of a high order. Their sacred writings (the Rig Veda) are said to date from near the time of Moses. Hinduism has, therefore, had a good deal to do in forming, during past centuries, the habits and customs of the people. Here the ambassador of Christ

is confronted with a stupendous task. Well may we ask, Who is sufficient for these things? We are, through Christ. India must see the love of Christ in the actions of His servants. Alas! many find on their arrival on this battlefield the lack of the qualities that would make them successful, hence they return. Said a converted Brahmin to me the other day in conversation, speaking of a good man, "Yes, he was a saint; they all looked to him, high and low castes." Acts, not words, are forceful here. We are as much to-day the lights of the world as ever. Christianity is not a failure in India. Its almost countless numbers will ultimately bow at the feet of the world's Redeemer. There is no uncertainty about this. If you desire India to be liberated from the shadow of death, pray unceasingly for her ministers to be filled with the wisdom which the Book contains.

Perhaps it will not be out of place to mention here some of the requisites which a missionary should have. It is well known that many who are successful at home are a failure on the mission field. You ask, Why? Well, because the people among whom you labor are heathen; they have no estimate of your beautiful gifts; all your service must be given in love. To come to India you must commence to live over again. It should also be a life-work—a life given for the love of Him who sacrificed all for us. It takes years to know the language well—longer to know the people, which is not less important.

Look at what men will endure for honors of this world, for their own selfish ends. Does not the world applaud such? Ah, for Thee, O Lamb of Calvary, it is called sacrifice for me to toil on a foreign shore. I will not call it such.

The would-be candidate for the foreign field needs the best preparation that is possible to get. The spiritual must be pre-eminent, of course; also all the other good graces are necessary. Nothing on this battlefield will come amiss; for at times I am called upon to be a carpenter, again I am called to be a pleader, also innumerable times I am called upon to administer medicine. At this moment, as I hastily pen these words, comes a poor woman to give me her thankoffering (in the form of some fruit) for healing her sick child, which lay sick of a fever, for they all believe the sahib can do everything (so they imagine), and at times they are much astonished when they see me turn my hand to so many kinds of work, for in this land of caste bondage every caste has its own trade or occupation.

I must now haste to bring this letter to an end; before doing so, however, I would mention a few matters. I am thankful to say we have had a good fall of rain in the Marathi Country, which has saved the calamity of a famine. Truly "He has not dealt with us according to our iniquities," and yet the people of this country have not repented of their sins. This year the bubonic plague is taking away many. One officer comes to me with the story that twenty-five have already succumbed to the disease, also many have fled from the village in terror. Dear reader, the last eight years have been very troublesome ones. The bubonic plague has counted its victims up to 859,293 souls. Nearly twenty-one millions have fallen a prey to the two great famines, hunger and thirst.

A short time ago I had occasion to go to the city of Poona. What a sight met my eye in that place. There were thousands of pilgrims traveling afoot to one of their sacred temples of idol worship. Some traveled more than a thousand miles to have a glimpse at their god, Vitoba, who they believe fell from heaven. Oh, how sad and dejected do many appear. Disappointed. Ah, is that all? Alas! many did not get a glimpse of the god. Of the 400,000 who had come to Pandharpur, only about 70,000 had looked on the god. I learned several were crushed to death in the attempt. Perchance many come with a true desire to get their sins forgiven. Alas! how deceived they are. While such a multitude of people gather together many were attacked by plague, and in this hour of their trial their god of wood and stone did not hear their prayer.—William Lewis, Adj.



### PUT SOME SUNLIGHT IN YOUR FACES.

Put some sunlight in your faces,  
Shades and shadows cast away;  
Of dear gloom dispel the traces,  
Hope and brightness—let these stay.

While on earth just do your duty;  
Understand that you're placed here  
To comfort others; in its beauty  
Let mankind this blessing share.

As you walk through life, keep shedding  
Sunshine, warmth, along the way,  
With your kindly acts enriching  
Sad and weary hearts each day.

Learn with willingness and patience  
This fine art of cheering all;  
Clothe with same each passing stranger;  
Strengthen, guide, without recall.

Then this power to do a kindness,  
Given us by God's own hand,  
Like a fountain in a desert  
Sheds its blessing o'er the land.

### THE NAVIGATING DEPARTMENT.

#### Operations When a Ship is in Port.

The value of organization is demonstrated when a ship is in port, no less than when she is at sea. Suppose a ship, for example, arrives at 10 o'clock Saturday evening. She is scheduled to leave again at 10 o'clock Tuesday morning. All the evening hundreds of the stevedores' men have been waiting near the dock, knowing that within the next fifty hours the ship must be unloaded and loaded again. For a ship's schedule is like a railway timetable; it is a promise publicly given, and faith must be kept; moreover, a ship in port is an idle investment, she represents no earning capital, so the more she is at sea the better. Hence the moment the ship pokes her nose into the dock, the stevedores pounce upon her, loading and unloading at the same time. This simultaneous manipulation of the incoming and the out-going cargo is very important. Not infrequently a ship will lift and sink at a dock, simply because the stevedores unloaded too much in one place without loading a corresponding amount in another place.

Other things besides cargoes must be attended to during the sixty hours that she is in port. While the stevedores attack the steamer from the dock, barges come in from the river and coal is fed into the capacious jaws of the vessel, thousands of tons in all, enough to carry the ship twice the distance to Southampton. All this part of the work is in charge of the dock department.

At the same time the engineer, steward, and deck departments are putting the ship in a condition as perfect as when she first came from the builders. The engines are dissected and vivisectioned, as it were, and then put together again, every inch of the wonderful mechanism having been inspected down to the last screw head. "Spares" are at hand for everything; in other words, any part of the machinery that shows the least sign of wear is replaced by a similar part, brand new and faultless.

Meantime the deck department is looking after the appearance of the ship, cleaning, painting, and overhauling and putting in new fittings where old ones are damaged. Down in the store-room an inventory is being taken of the amount of food on hand and the amount that will be needed on the voyage; this work, of course, going on under the direction of the chief steward.

The rapidity with which the ships are sometimes handled in port leads to the doubt in some minds that such a vessel has not been properly repaired or prepared for the voyage. Experience has shown us that it is thoroughly practical to discharge, clean, overhaul, and repair even the largest of liners in twenty-four hours. Some years ago one of the American Line ships was in constant service for a whole year. She was at sea three hundred out of that three hundred and sixty-five days of the year. She averaged between ten and eleven knots for every hour in the year, including her time in port, and concluded the service without any breakdown or mishap of any kind. The point to be emphasized is that frequently during that time the ship discharged and loaded four hundred tons of cargo and coal in twenty-four hours, besides having been overhauled in the same time, and went to sea in a condition as perfect as could have been attained had she been a week in port, instead of a day.

Moreover, the underwriters and Government employ inspectors whose duty it is to see that no vessel leaves port unless in an unimpeachable condition; so that in addition to the natural interest and desire of the company to have everything right there is a double check by the representatives of insurance and law. Again, nine ships in every ten

are laid up twice a year for general overhauling and repairs. Thus every six months each ship is really born again.

A ship's annual overhauling and repairs in dry dock usually require about twenty-one days, this being the time in which she would take one round trip to Europe. Her captain is, therefore, allowed one trip, and sometimes two trips, off, while his steamer is undergoing her semi-annual renovation; giving him, in other words, three or six weeks' vacation, with pay, each year.

(To be continued.)

### A LAPLANDER OF LONDON.

An interviewer asked the elder of the Lapp girls taking part in a Salvation Army exhibition in the Agricultural Hall, "What do you think of London. The young lady replied:

"I cannot tell you; it is all so new, so strange, so great that I must sit down some day and be quiet and remember it all, and then I shall know what I



Colonel Ogrim, Finland.

think of it. But you have so many people; they crowd in the streets so, and they come in such great numbers that I cannot understand why they do not knock against one another and hurt one another as they walk along. Your numbers frighten me. I think that in such a city, with so many, there must be some great calamity coming.

"And then the sin of London! It seems to overwhelm me. Why do you have your drink-shops at every corner? Why do you have poor drunken men rolling along the streets? Why do your women sit in rows in your public-houses, drinking, drinking, drinking? Why do you permit it? I have heard of England as a good country. I knew that the Salvation Army came out of England; and yet when I see your women in your public-houses I say to myself: 'Can God bless this land? Can England really be the good and great country of which I have been told?' But I know what it is; you have so many in your country that all the evil can get together."

### WHAT IS THE REAL GOOD?

By John Doyle O'Reilly.  
"What is the real good?"  
I asked in a musing mood.

Order, said the law court;  
Knowledge, said the school;  
Truth, said the wise man;  
Pleasure, said the fool;  
Love, said the maiden;  
Beauty, said the page;  
Freedom, said the dreamer;  
Hope, said the sage;  
Fame, said the soldier;  
Equity, the seer.

Spake my heart full sadly—  
"The answer is not here."

Then within my bosom,  
Softly this I heard—  
"Each heart holds the secret—  
Kindness, is the word."

A little girl of our acquaintance has a particular fondness for Bible stories. On one occasion she was being told the story of Jonah and the whale. When the climax of the story was reached, and Jonah had been thrown upon the shore, the little maiden was asked, "And what do you think Jonah did then?" To which the ready response came, "I guess he goed home and changed his fings."—Church Union.

### TURKISH SULTAN'S WEALTH.

There is an amazing collection of jewels in the Sultan's treasury at Constantinople. The turbans of all the Sultans since Mahomet II. are there, all glittering with rare and large gems of the purest water. There are also the Royal Throne of Persia, carried off by the Turks in 1514, and covered with more than 20,000 rubies, emeralds, and fine pearls; and the Throne of Suleiman I., from the dome of which there hangs over the head of the Caliph an emerald 6in. long and 4in. deep. These two thrones are the chief objects of the collection.

### DOGMA DEFINED.

The late Miss Rosa Delmonico, the owner of the famous New York restaurant, was all her life fond of children. Children knew Miss Delmonico as Aunt Rosa, and they delighted to visit her, says the New York Times.

One day the good old lady was giving a little girl some etymological instructions. The word "dogma" came up, and Miss Delmonico defined it and then bade her pupil to use it in a sentence.

The pupil, after a little hard thought, composed around the word "dogma" the sentence that follows: "The dogma had five little puppies."

### HOMAGE AT THE PARSONAGE.

At a town in Essex an estate is held by a very strange condition. Whenever it passes into new hands, the owner, with his wife, manservant and maidservant, comes on horseback to the parsonage and pays his homage by blowing three blasts upon a horn; he carries a hawk upon his fist and his servant has a greyhound in the slip, both for the use of the rector for that day. He receives a chicken for the hawk, a peck of oats for his horse, and a loaf of bread for his greyhound. After dinner the owner blows three more blasts, and then, with his party, withdraws from the rectory.

### THE FASTEST TRAIN IN EUROPE.

The North-Eastern Railway Company proposes to run next month from Leeds the quickest train in Europe. The 230 miles to Edinburgh will be covered in four hours nineteen minutes, or thirteen minutes faster than the Midland trains. The speed between York and Darlington will exceed sixty-one miles an hour. The speed between Leeds and Edinburgh will average nearly a mile a minute. The coming ex-



Mrs. Colonel Ogrim, Finland.

presses to the Scottish capital of the West Riding promise to beat the world's record in the way of speed.—New York World.

### GOD IS LEFT.

Paganini, the famous violinist, with a one-stringed instrument, secured one of his greatest triumphs. The violin was broken, but Paganini was left. So there are many poor, broken, marred lives, in which string after string of purity and uprightness have been snapped away. There seems to be little left; but God is left, and He, from these poor, broken instruments, is able to bring forth the sweetest music.

### CARRYING WATER TO MAKE ONE GOOD.

An important part of religion in India is the making of pilgrimages to some place that is thought to be sacred. Those who would be most holy travel in this way all the year round. They think that Benares is, of all places, the most holy. To go there, perform many ceremonies, pay much money to priests, bathe in the Ganges, and walk twelve hundred miles to another temple near Ceylon, carrying a jar of Ganges water, will make one sure of happiness for ages, it is believed.



## THOMAS THE DOUBTER.

A BIBLE STORY.

By Lieut.-Colonel Cuthbert.

**T**HE epithet which is mainly associated with the name of this disciple is that of doubter, or sceptic; especially with reference to one particular incident in his history. In studying his life, it should be born in mind in the first place, that up to the moment of the Saviour's arrest, all the disciples desired and expected Him to establish an earthly kingdom, and in the second all the utterances attributed to Thomas are such as might very appropriately be spoken by one who had imbibed the rationalistic teaching of the Sadducees. In passing, we may remark that the Sadducees were, generally speaking, more interested in politics than in religion. For the most part they included men of wealth and learning, who generally sought and secured the highest society and State positions. They were, in religious matters, the rationalists of their day. They did not believe in the existence of either angels or spirits, and they further contended that there was no life beyond the grave.

The keeping in mind of the foregoing particulars, will, I think, enable us to understand the character of Thomas much better, and supply a key to his somewhat strange utterances and conduct.

When the news reached Jesus of the death of His friend Lazarus, He felt strongly impelled to go to Bethany. But when He made His intention known to His disciples, they all, with one exception, pressed Him not to go, on the ground that the Jewish authorities were only waiting a suitable opportunity to kill Him. The fact is, the disciples were afraid that if He went, and they accompanied Him, they would meet with the same fate as Himself, and they were not prepared for this. Thomas, however, instead of trying to dissuade Jesus from His purpose, advised Him to go through with it, and proposed to his comrades, in the following memorable words, that they should all accompany Him: "Let us also go that we may die with Him." John xi. 16.

### He Expected the End.

Now, it is just possible that Thomas had a kind of intuitive feeling that the end was not far off. And this, coupled with rationalistic theories which still retained a certain hold on him, may have caused him to feel that as Christ had apparently completely failed in what they thought was His mission—to set up an earthly kingdom such as he and his comrades had talked about and labored for—this might be a fitting opportunity to end the whole business. With little or no belief in a life hereafter, it would be perfectly natural for him, under the circumstances just mentioned, to seek to die rather than go on with no prospect at all of ever attaining his object. For death would at least end the awful uncertainty and suspense of his present existence, and if it came with a dash of heroism, as perchance it might if they went to Bethany, all the better. Now, let us beware of rashly and wrongly judging Thomas. It does not follow that because a man is subject to despondency, or is of a pessimistic temperament that he is not, when occasion arises, capable of devotion and sacrifice. Thomas was no coward. Pessimist, he indeed was, but he lacked neither courage nor bravery in face of danger. He was just as ready to die with his Master as to live with Him. Perhaps you say, What a pity his spirit of devotion did not destroy his doubting spirit. Just so. But how easy it is for us to criticise another's shortcomings, and forget all about our own. Have you not sometimes failed just where Thomas did? Have you not come short just there? Are you, my comrade, entirely free from the habit of doubting? Let your own heart be the witness and God Himself the Judge.

Another proof that the teachings of the Sadducees had taken root in Thomas' mind may be seen in his inquiry, "Lord, we know not whither Thou goest, and how can we know the way?" John xiv. 5. The disciple must be understood here to mean that to them it seemed that Jesus had been talking to the disciples of going into the unseen world just as if they knew all about the way to a place where they had never been, and about which many people had doubts. That the Saviour's announcement of His approaching departure surprised and perplexed Thomas is quite certain, and it is equally certain that he was not helped much, if at all, by Christ's reply to a query which Peter put to Him on the subject of His going away from them—"Whither I go thou canst not follow Me now, but thou shalt follow Me afterwards." John xiii. 36. Thomas' difficulty on this matter seems to have sprung from mistaken ideas of the nature and locality of the Kingdom about which Jesus had been speaking. But when He went on to say, "I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life," for the present his questionings ceased.

### Doubt Hardening into Unbelief.

We have now to mention Thomas' utterances and behaviour in connection with the appearance of Christ to His disciples after His resurrection. Thomas was absent on the occasion of the Master's first visit to them, but no time was lost in telling him about it. And although the disciples assured him that they had seen and conversed with the Master he refused to believe them, and plainly told them, "Except I shall see in His hands the prints of the nails, and thrust my hand into His side, I will not believe." In vain his comrades tried to help his faith, but even though they declared to him with united testimony that the Master had been with them, he only repeated his protest the more vigorously, and told them that they were victims of a great delusion. Thus his doubts slowly, but surely, hardened into unbelief.

We now gladly turn to the other side of the case, and direct attention to some things that Thomas did not do during that memorable week of darkness and sadness. He did not break away from the other disciples and return to his former business and manner of life, nor did he go out to the world and brand them as imposters, and accuse them of betraying his confidence. Neither did he, because the Saviour had disappointed his expectations as to an earthly kingdom denounce Him as a fraud and deceiver of men, nor did he try to raise an agitation by means of meetings, and in this way seek to destroy the people's faith. Still less did he say or do anything to cause the disciples to conclude that he intended to give up any and every form of religion and religious worship. We should not think any the less of these virtues because they are of a negative character.

The Book says that Jesus had to upbraid the other disciples because of their unbelief and hardness of heart, but this latter quality is never directly attributed to Thomas. Indeed, it was rather hardness of head than of heart that plunged him into gloom and sorrow. The Saviour knew Thomas, and with all his faults and failings He loved him still. As we shall presently see, in His own loving and gentle manner He dealt with him on his own self-chosen grounds.

He proved His supernatural knowledge by inviting Thomas to employ the very test he himself had named. Immediately after He had given His blessing on all present, and without giving anybody a chance of explaining his difficulties, He invited Thomas to reach forth his finger and behold His hands, and to thrust his hand into His side. What

stronger proof of His supernatural knowledge and evidence of His identity could He give? It was enough! The evidence thus given to Thomas was so convincing that he was satisfied with the report of his eyes and ears without using his hands; for John says, "Thomas answered and said unto Him, 'My Lord and my God.'" And the Saviour replied: "Because thou hast seen Me thou hast believed." Had Thomas now come and touched Him, John would certainly have mentioned it. Thomas' confession of faith is one of the grandest that ever escaped human lips, and it certainly testified to all of a returning faith. Although Jesus did not despise it, He reminded Thomas that there was a higher faith even than that which springs from mere visible proof, which he should seek after. If his faith had not needed the evidence of "things seen" to beget it, but had sprung from the clear conviction that Christ was "God manifest in the flesh" and that, therefore, death could have no power over Him, Jesus would not have hesitated to commend Him for it.

With Thomas, we believe that Christ is risen; and we also know that He is still as strong, as loving, and as powerful as ever, and that it is His will that we should acknowledge Him as our Lord and our God. Have you begun to do so yet? If you would "become not faithless, but believing," you must serve Him as your Lord and obey Him as your God. If the hindrance is unbelief, then say to Him now, "Lord, I believe; help Thou my unbelief," and He will help you. Without faith it is impossible to please God. All things are possible to the man that believes. With the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation. This is the kind of faith that saves the soul, and pleases God, and you may have it.

### THE STOWAWAYS.

The following touching story was told to Commissioner E. Booth by a titled lady, in the city of Toronto, recently:

The lady was on board an Atlantic liner, crossing from England to New York. The ship was well out to sea when it was discovered there were two stowaways aboard. A group of saloon passengers stood near the captain of the ship when a sailor informed the captain of the fact.

"Just watch me," said the chief officer, "frighten those boys nearly to death. Fetch them here," he cried to a sailor.

Presently two of the most ragged, most dejected-looking urchins put in their appearance, and stood before the severe-looking man, with their eyes resting on the deck.

"Do you know what I am going to do with both of you?" thundered out the captain.

There was no answer.

"Do—you—know—what—I—am—going to do with you both?" shouted the captain, more sternly than ever.

Still no answer; the poor little fellows were shivering with fright and cold.

"I am going to throw both of you overboard!"

The elder of the two then looked the captain fearlessly in the face, and said, "I know you won't throw us overboard, because the Salvation Army Captain on board is our friend, and he will look after us."

After the boys had been dismissed the captain of the ship said to the passengers who had stood by while the scene had taken place, "If it isn't a caution! It doesn't matter where you are, or what trouble people get into, they always look upon Salvationists as their friends."

Out of our deepest sorrow comes our sweetest fruit.

Your words will come back to roost on your own soul.

A man who will only be as honest as he has to be will be as dishonest as he can be.

Some men think they are mighty engines because their leaky boilers make much noise.



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#### Promotions—

Capt. Rose to be ENSIGN.  
Lieut. Wood to be Captain.  
Lieut. Thornton to be Captain.  
Lieut. Foley to be Captain.  
Lieut. Hall to be Captain.  
Lieut. Halpenny to be Captain.

#### Marriage—

Capt. Albert Rose, who came out of St. John's I., Nfld., and is now stationed at Pembroke, to Capt. Ruby Foley, who came out of Perth, last stationed at Montreal, at Pembroke, 4.11.04, by Brigadier Turner.

THOS. B. COOMBS,  
Commissioner.



#### POVERTY ACROSS THE SEA.

The distress among the laboring classes of London, and some sections of Great Britain, especially the manufacturing centres, is very great indeed. Little is said in the public press of this country, which at this moment is carried on the crest of a wave of prosperity, but in the pages of the London War Cry and the Social Gazette enough information can be gained to move one profoundly to sympathy with the suffering thousands of the world's metropolis. The Salvation Army continues to prove itself the friend of the homeless and workless wanderers. Midnight breakfasts are given away in enormous numbers, and the cheap shelters and food depots are patronized to their fullest capacity. It is estimated that over 3,000 London school-children go to school without breakfast. If it were not for the Army this number would be 5,000, for about 2,000 of these are fed by the S. A. every morning with cocoa and buns at one farthing a head. The scenes outside the shelters and food depots are pathetic to the extreme. There is generally a rush, as the number of applicants is greater than our accommodation. That such a distress should be possible at this year of 1905 of our Lord, in the Christian capital of a Christian country, must make angels weep.

#### WESTWARD !

The Commissioner's Western tour will have about begun when this reaches our readers. Doubtless our Western soldiers have been praying and preparing themselves for a blessed season, and they will not be disappointed. We verily believe that the Commissioner's meetings will be marked by divine favor in the tangible results of many souls finding the Saviour. We shall pray for this at the Territorial Centre, and we believe prayers to this end will ascend to the Throne of Grace from all parts of the field.

#### FAITH HEALING.

We desire to draw attention to the extracts from the General's recent book on "Faith

## THE COMMISSIONER VISITS AN OLD BATTLE-FIELD.

BARRIE ONE OF THE FAVORED CORPS RECEIVING AN EARLY VISIT.

After the heavy day at London, in which the Commissioner had contended against great odds through physical weakness, we scarcely anticipated that our leader would attempt to do the meeting at Barrie on Monday night. And yet we ought to have known better, for those who know Commissioner Coombs are not long in discovering that a "purpose set" is as good as accomplished. Accordingly the five o'clock train was graced with the presence of the Commissioner and the Chief Secretary—whether the presence of the Trade Secretary affords the same distinction his native modesty forbids to express.

The storm without seemed to give expression of gloomy forebodings—at least to the writer—but the Commissioner seemed oblivious to the angry voice, being engrossed in writing important letters. The cabman's expression of "the worst day this winter," emphasized by a realization of a distinct change in temperature seemed to further emphasize the "Storm King's" warnings.

However, a nice crowd awaited the arrival of the Commissioner at the Town Hall, and at his appearance gave earnest and hearty expression of the welcome for one who had

been made, by the blessing of God, so much to them in the days of long ago.

Adj. Newman, Brigadier Southall, Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire, and the Chief Secretary spoke, as representatives of different branches of the work, each being endorsed with hearty applause by the soldiers and friends present. The building was chilly, and the meeting might easily have been cold and formal. The Commissioner's well-known genius in adapting himself to the occasion did not fail him. He soon had the interest of his audience by stating that this was not to be a "formal gathering," but just a kind of fireside affair, and then he described some of his experiences since he had last been with them. Different circumstances were used as illustrations of the mercy or the power of God. These formed links in a chain of argument, logic, exhortation, and command for real heroic service for Christ. The truth given in this interesting and forceful manner found its mark, and we could realize the firmer resolve, the keener determination, that the Spirit was sealing in many hearts. Then as an open expression of conscious need, eight persons came forward and claimed the blessing described.

Healing," which we print in this and successive issues. Our readers will find much that is instructive there. Especially would we request our own people to read and digest these excellent extracts. We meet so many "cranks" on faith healing that it is well we should not only be sound ourselves in this direction, but have some common sense answers ready to express them clearly when necessary.



Never were Canadian Christmas War Crys more eagerly snapped up than this year. Seventy-Two thousand copies at ten cents each were insufficient, and to say the least a few more thousand could easily have been disposed of. Officers came rushing to Headquarters for more copies, and many extra mail orders arrived after the issue was exhausted, but sorrowfully we were compelled to say no more War Crys could be sent. The Crys for Winnipeg weighed 725 lbs. Quite a bundle wasn't it for Adj. Alward to take under his arm and carry from the Post Office.

A brother was very anxious to attend the knee-drill at the Temple corps last Sunday morning. He woke and was dressed in good time. Going downstairs he found every door fastened, and do what he could he was unable to open any of them. He was determined not to be disappointed. Knee-drills have a great charm for him, so he managed to open a window of the house, but could not reach the ground without assistance. He called for a policeman. One was forthcoming in a moment or two, and to the delight of the enthusiast the officer helped him to the street below. Although delayed somewhat by his novel experiences, the brother arrived at the knee-drill in good time, and there in the course of his testimony, to the amusement of the early-risers, told his story.

Ensign Cornish and Capt. Baird have been assisting Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire during late

weeks in securing produce and funds for the Christmas dinners for the poor, and evidently have performed their duties well, judging by the excellent manner in which the necessities have been received.

Mrs. Brigadier Pickering is going to take an appointment on the field near Toronto, preferring corps to other work.

Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire is wondering who is going to be his Chancellor in the Central Ontario Province—and so are others.

Staff-Capt. McGillivray is continuing to improve and Mrs. McGillivray feels very grateful for the many kind inquiries from officers concerning his health.

Ensign Bennett and Capt. Simmons were happily married on Dec. 3rd, at Burin.

Some improvements are being made to our property at Stellarton.

### Christmas Day at the Temple.

(Special.)

Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire, assisted by Staff-Capt. Manton and the Provincial Staff, conducted the services on Christmas Day, which were made, by the blessing of God, most interesting and profitable. The Temple band was at its very best, and rendered choice Christmas selections, while the songsters were in good trim and sang several appropriate songs. Two additional services were conducted by the corps at 1.30 and 6 p.m. respectively.

Some excellent captures were made. One man had just come out of the Kingston Penitentiary, where he had been incarcerated for five long years. Bitter was his repentance, but he found forgiveness through Jesus.

The night meeting was exceptionally powerful, the Colonel's subject being, "Thanks be to God for His unspeakable gift." Eleven souls crowned the day's efforts. Hallelujah! Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Coombs and troops were in good spirits.



# THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

## The War.

Hostilities before Port Arthur have found frequent expressions in violent assault. The Japanese report having made further advances, blowing up one fort by tunnelling underneath it and exploding a terrific charge of dynamite. The slaughter on both sides, particularly among the attacking forces, has been fearful. The bombardment of the fortress and harbor has continued unabated. The last of the Russian battleships, the Sevastopol, has been disabled by a Japanese torpedo attack, three torpedo boats being sacrificed to gain this end. Eight Russian torpedo boat destroyers succeeded in escaping from the harbor.

General Stoessel telegraphed to the Czar that he expects to hold out until relieved.

The Baltic fleet is probably half way to Vladivostok. The Japanese have despatched a squadron to observe its movements, and probably to attack it as early as possible.

No engagements have taken place between the huge opposing armies near Mukden. The following report shows another side of war:

"Wild and rough as are the Cossacks, they are peculiarly sentimental and susceptible to emotion. A most striking sight was that of the whole of Gen. Mitchenko's division paying respects to the remains of four Cossacks, killed below Sindee. Mitchenko and his staff were there, and the Fourth Chita Regiment, to which the men belonged, was accorded the place of prominence. There were no coffins, the bodies being wrapped in plaited straw, but so smothered with wild flowers and native grasses that the ghastly blood-stains soaking through the covering were hidden until the corpses were interred."

May peace soon follow this fearful slaughter.

## Russia's Awakening.

It appears that the energetic new Minister of Interior has succeeded in giving better expression to the good intentions of the Czar,

who so far seemed to have found his ring of counsellors and administrators too strongly conservative to allow liberal reforms. The new Minister of Interior has lost no time in taking a decided stand, and the Czar has issued a manifesto promising wider powers to local governing bodies, and other wise measures to insure more individual liberties.

## Gales at Sea.

Shipping has met with widespread disaster during the recent gales on the Atlantic ocean.

At St. John's, Nfld., several schooners belonging to the island, and which were driven off by the gale, are still unreported. The vessels carried a total of sixty men. It is feared they have been lost.

The schooner Klondyke, which went ashore on Cape St. Mary's, is a total wreck. Her crew is safe.

The North German Lloyd steamship Princess Irene, with 980 passengers; from Genoa for New York, put in at Halifax, short of coal. She had a tempestuous voyage, the chief feature of which was two cyclones which were encountered.

The wind attained an unprecedented velocity, raising a sea that ran mountains high, which swept the decks of the big steamship, carrying away some of the fittings on the forward part of the deck.

## Gales' Havoc in Portugal.

A disastrous storm which suddenly broke on the northern coast of Portugal has caused great loss of life. Eighteen fishermen were drowned at Figueirada Fez, and 600 others have been rendered destitute. A ferryboat plying at the mouth of the Mondego River was capsized and fourteen persons were drowned. In the Leixoes Basin, near Oporto, five boats were sunk and five persons drowned.

## Gallant Rescue.

The fate of the little 79-ton Sydney, C.B., schooner, Josie M. Calderwood, which sailed

from Dalhousie early in November, was first learned when the German steamer Barcelona came in with a story of a thrilling rescue at sea. The captain and four men composing the crew of the Calderwood, were taken from their little craft after a frightful experience, when they were ready to abandon hope. The schooner herself, waterlogged and helpless, was fired, and was ablaze from waterline to main truck when the Barcelona steamed away from her.

The Barcelona came upon the Calderwood when she was three days out from Baltimore, on Nov. 27th. Strong gales, with hurricane squalls, had prevailed for forty-eight hours, and the seas were running mountains high when the signal of distress set by the Calderwood's crew was sighted. When the steamer was within hailing distance the crew of the Calderwood begged to be taken from their sinking vessel. A lifeboat manned by an officer and four seamen was sent away from the steamer, and after a terrible struggle in the turbulent sea rescued the crew of the Calderwood.

## A Brother's Sacrifice.

Some weeks ago seven-year-old Allan Robertson, of Ottawa, while playing with matches set fire to his clothing, being severely and dangerously burned about the chest. The little lad has been lying ever since in the Protestant Hospital, and as it was found impossible to heal the wounds, it was decided to resort to grafting. Joe, the eleven-year-old brother of Allan, volunteered to have the operation performed on him, and was placed upon the operating table and a piece of skin ten inches long and five inches wide was removed from his right leg and grafted upon the chest of his little brother. Both boys are now in the hospital, and are doing well.

## A Present to the Empress.

The cities of Schleswig-Holstein are arranging to purchase and present to Emperor William and Empress Augusta Victoria at their approaching silver wedding anniversary the house in Hamburg in which the Empress spent a number of childhood years.

## Better Mail Service North.

The Mounted Police Department at Ottawa has received a folder advertising an improved winter mail service in the White Pass and Yukon route. A three days' mail service is provided, where a few years ago the mail was delivered only once a fortnight.

## Expensive Fog.

Such a complete disorganization of railroad traffic and shipping as resulted from a recent fog in London and England has been unknown for many years. A dismal pall spread over the greater part of the kingdom and caused enormous business losses, and threatened to deprive thousands of their Christmas parcels. Statisticians estimate that the losses in a single day of such fog in London alone amount to fully \$3,000,000. All the coasts reported a dislocation of shipping. Ocean liners have been detained for two and three days.

## Church Union.

An important conference took place in Toronto before Christmas, when representatives of the Presbyterian, the Methodist, and Congregational Churches of Canada met to discuss plans of organic union. Committees to consider plans of union have been appointed, but there can be, of course, no final plan adopted until the various bodies have expressed their views as a whole and consented to it by a majority of their members.

## Scouts Ambushed.

The Pulajanes have ambushed and killed at Dolores, on the Island of Samar (Philippines), a lieutenant and thirty-seven enlisted men of the 38th company of native scouts. Two thousand Pulajanes, it is reported, threatened the town of Dolores, and the situation is said to be critical. Lieut. Abbott, in command of the scouts, has requested that aid be sent him,



Cadets Going for a Saturday Afternoon's Collecting for the Poor.

# FIELD BULLETINS

## Central Ontario Province.

### BRIGADIER SOUTHALL AT LIPPINCOTT.

All day on Sunday Brigadier Southall led the forces of the Lippincott corps on to victory.

In the morning God came very near, and His presence pervaded that splendid gathering of God's children, who had met for the Father's benediction. As the meeting went on the showers of blessing came, and the Brigadier very powerfully spoke of the will of God toward men, and how He can help them do it.

The afternoon service was an old-time free-and-easy. Bright and brief testimonies were given, some in song and chorus, but all giving God's name the praise for His uttermost salvation. The Lippincott Band was to the front, and under the leadership of Bandmaster Wilks did credit to its reputation as well as added interest and spirit to the meeting. The Brigadier very ably and eloquently delivered an address from the 91st Psalm, and of the protection of God in joy or sorrow, darkness or light, in prosperity and adversity. Oh, what a God is He whom we serve. Wonderful protection is to be found under His wings.

An excellent audience gathered for the evening meeting, which was one of great power, and from the very offset the Spirit of the living God made its way into the hearts of that attentive congregation. The songs, the music, the testimonies, and the prayers by the different comrades all savored of the Spirit which prays and loves and longs for the salvation of the world. But the address on, "We would see Jesus," by the Brigadier himself, more than ever led up to Calvary's cross, and there by the eye of faith we beheld once more the thorn-crowned Saviour, who gave His life a ransom, and see Him and receive His tender words of love. At the close of this eventful and profitable day we had the joy of recording seven souls who came to the Saviour, some for holiness and others for pardon. The comrades, officers, and friends extend a hearty invitation to the Brigadier for a return visit. We were sorry that Mrs. Southall was unable to be with the Brigadier on account of the illness of their little child. May God bless them.—S. E. C.

### FAREWELL OF THE C. O. P. CHANCELLOR.

Staff-Capt. Cass, who for some considerable time has been Chancellor of the Central Ontario Province, has said good-bye to us and gone to another corner of the Master's vineyard to labor for Him. His farewell meeting, on Monday last, was conducted by Colonel Jacobs in the Temple. The Temple and Lisgar St. Bands were to the front and furnished some sweet music. All city corps united, and a splendid send-off was given the worthy Staff-Captain.

Colonel Jacobs opened the meeting with song and prayer, after which we were all delighted to have an original solo by an original man, and his banjo, Adj. Habkirk, of Hamilton. Colonel Jacobs spoke very beautifully and hinted a collection at the finish of his address. The hint was taken, as was also a good collection. Staff-Capt. Coombs, an old friend of the farwelling Chancellor, was called upon to speak, and his words of the goodness and faithful service of the Staff-Captain and Mrs. Cass were endorsed by all.

A selection by the united bands was played very satisfactorily, for of course we always enjoy the sweet music of these fine bands.

Mrs. Adj. Burrows spoke very kindly of our departing comrades, and then Mrs. Cass herself had a few words of tender farewell.

The Staff-Captain then arose to speak, but the audience called for a duet from them, and would not be quieted until Mrs. Cass was by his side. They sang with much feeling and power. The Staff-Captain spoke of the reports of the war in Spokane and the great need of the power of God in that field, but thanking God for all His past power, the Staff-Captain felt assured that God would help and make him a blessing there. The prayer meeting ended with a number of souls seeking the Saviour. Praise God.

We all wish Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Cass God's blessing in their new field of labor.—S. E. C.

### Going in for a New Barracks.

Burk's Falls corps is still going ahead. Our new officers have got things well in hand. They are pushing ahead for a new barracks, which we badly need. We are having glorious times. Bro. Fletcher has undertaken to visit the jail.—Mike and Patrick.

### Said Farewell.

Lindsay.—Adj. and Mrs. Parsons, after a stay of twelve and nine months respectively, have said good-bye. Under their leadership our corps has prospered and souls have been saved. Not only did they seek to help us spiritually, but temporarily also, for during their visit they came in contact with many

who, on account of not having proper clothing, were unable to attend a place of worship. The Adjutant, seeing the great need, applied for clothing, and kind friends came to his aid, and in this way he was enabled to carry out the Master's work. The barracks has been painted, and the quarters owes much of its cozy and neat appearance to their thoughtfulness for their successors.

### Ten Souls.

Esther St. (No. 1).—Colonel Pugmire, Staff-Capt. Manton, Adj. Burrows, Ensign Cornish, Capt. DeBow, and Capt. Beard were with us Sunday all day. Knee-drill and holiness meetings were held in our own barracks, but our Captain, God bless him, knew that our barracks would be too small, so he engaged Occident Hall in honor of the Colonel's visit. It was just the thing to do. The hall was full. Ten precious souls in the fountain.—Mrs. Knibbs, for Captain Walker.

### Soldiers Fought in Absence of Officers.

Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.—From Monday, Nov. 21, to Dec. 3rd, this corps was without officers, and we were more than pleased when we heard the officers had arrived, and were ready to give Adj. and Mrs. Parsons a hearty welcome. It was a new experience selling War Cry, as was also the leading of meetings, but I must say that every comrade took hold with a will and did his or her part. Our Thursday night meeting was led by the editor, of whom mention has been made in the War Cry. He is not afraid to proclaim to the world the saving and keeping power of the Lord Jesus Christ, whether it be in the office, press-room, or on the street. A glance at the editorials will convince one that the tone of the paper, of which our brother is Managing Editor, has changed for the good. Our open-air meetings are not of the best, on account of the cold weather, yet our indoor attendances are fair. Notwithstanding this we are still marching on to claim the blessed promise, and feel more like going on than we ever did before.—W. H. Thompson.

## East Ontario and Quebec Province.

### Five Souls.

Ottawa I.—A great united welcome was accorded our officers on their return from Toronto. Captain Rutledge has said good-bye. Sorry to report the illness of Bandmaster Duncan. On Thursday evening, Dec. 8th, the Rev. J. F. Salton, pastor of the Dominion Methodist Church, gave a lecture and lantern service, entitled "Snap-Shots of Sunny Italy." The views were grand, and the lecture a very interesting one indeed. This service was given in aid of the Rescue Work. On Sunday evening two recruits became full-fledged soldiers beneath the Yellow, Red, and Blue. Five souls knelt at the mercy seat in the night meeting.—Sec. French.

### Twenty-Seven Souls.

Pictou.—Blessed times at our corps. Our Captain came home from the councils full of the Holy Ghost. Souls have been saved. On two Sunday nights many have come to God—fourteen one Sunday night and thirteen another. Ensign Edwards was here for a meeting. Adj. Cameron was here last night. He commissioned thirteen locals. The Adjutant's Bible lesson was enjoyed by all. It is a good thing we are to have a barracks of our own, for the platform is too small for the soldiers. Praise God for victory.—Lillie Love.



When Perry Meets Manton.

## The Eastern Province.

### Eight Souls.

Newcastle, N.B.—The past few weeks have been times of wonderful blessing. Sunday, at 7 a.m., twenty-seven turned out to knee-drill. One soul sought pardon. At night the hall was crowded; five souls sought Jesus, making a total of six for the day. We wound up with a march around the barracks. On Tuesday night two more came and claimed pardon—one of them a man who had been a backslider for eleven years. On Wednesday we drove to Douglass-town and did a special meeting, which was a grand success. Quite a number of the soldiers have gone to the woods. We miss them. Great interest is shown towards the Army, and a revival has broken out.—Pansy.

### Said Good-Bye.

St. John V.—Capt. F. White and Lieut. G. Hall, who have been stationed with us for the last five months, said good-bye. I cannot give the number of souls that came forward, but a great number have been saved, and recruits made into soldiers; also improvements made in the hall during the stay of our departing officers.—Special Correspondent.

### A Bean Supper.

Charlottetown.—We are still under a good head of steam, making good speed. Had Capt. McGillivray with us on Thursday night. Bein' a visitor, we put on a bean supper, and bein' at a disadvantage the beans were soon despatched, bein' sorry their name was beans. The Captain has good reports of Summerside. Sister Bertha Large and Rose Crossman are assisting Capt. Brace at Sackville. We have missed Father and Mother Peardon from our meetings the past three weeks. The Lord deal kindly with them in the days of their old age and faithful trust. He will. Look out for big things at Christmas.—H.

### Straightforward Testimonies.

North Sydney.—Sunday morning's meeting started with a real old-fashioned north-east snow storm, S. M. Purdy, the evangelist, presiding; all comrades gave good, straightforward testimonies. Ensign Bowring explained from the Word of God the parable of the ten virgins.—Treas.

### A Number Saved.

St. George's, Ber.—Since last report there has been a great change in our corps. Our old Lieutenant (Murphy) has said farewell and proceeded to the Centre to assist Ensign and Mrs. Hudson. Her place has been filled by Lieut. Smyth, who has shown to us that she is in to fight the old devil. We have had quite a number saved recently, who have taken their stand as soldiers. We are sure that God is with us, therefore we have naught to fear. Crowds excellent.—James J. Kelley, Corps-Cadet.

## North-West Province.

### Thirty-Three Souls.

Winnipeg.—We have been having some real Holy Ghost times during the past few weeks, and things have been on the up-grade generally. Last Saturday nine souls came to the Lamb of God. Sunday all day we had Brigadier and Mrs. Burditt with us, also Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Taylor. Knee-drill, oh, what a time! Although the temperature was very low, it must be said in the hall, spiritually speaking, it was very high. Bro. Sims, of Toronto, read us a few verses. Eleven o'clock meeting five knelt at the mercy seat. In the afternoon we had the joy of pointing more souls to God. At night the large auditorium was filled to overflowing, so we opened up the junior hall, which also was packed, and people had to be turned away. The Brigadier was in his best form and sent home truth after truth. Late at night we finished up rejoicing over the fact that during the day some thirty-three souls had found their way to the penitent form.—Buster.

### Two Souls.

Prince Albert, N.W.T.—The writer accompanied the officers and another brother on a trip to the lumber camps. We had a good salvation meeting with the lumbermen. On Sunday night our hearts were made glad by two precious souls seeking pardon.—Scotty.

### Three Backsliders Reclaimed.

Port Arthur.—Since last report three backsliders have returned and decided to take up their cross and follow Jesus. Believing for greater victory.—A Soldier.

Keep a little tin box with powered starch on the washstand. After wiping the hands on the towel let them be just rubbed over with a pinch of the starch. This will prevent chapping.



## Pacific Province.

### Day School Opened.

Port Essington.—God is with us; souls are being saved; recruits are being made into soldiers; five children dedicated to God and the Army on Sunday. Day school opened, and the children are being instructed in the three R's by Lieut. Halpenny; also junior meetings started by Bro. Mark McKay and wife, and Bro. David Douglas. The band is doing well under the leadership of Bro. Arthur Stewart.—N. B. Gosling.

### Two Souls.

Revelstoke.—Ensign May and Lieut. Davidson were given a hearty welcome on their arrival, Oct. 27th, 1904. Capt. Lloyd, with the assistance of the soldiers, prepared a tea, which was enjoyed by all present. A week later Cadet Riley arrived and was also given a hearty welcome. The meetings are good and the crowds increasing. Capt. and Mrs. Jackson spent the week-end with us, also Captain Lewis, who was visiting her home in this city, assisted in the meetings, which were full of life. Our labor was rewarded by one soul Sunday. A young man who attended both afternoon and night meetings left the barracks without surrendering to God, but was so convicted of his sins that he returned after the meeting was over and gave his heart to the Lord.—H. L. R.

## West Ontario Province.

### Four Souls.

London.—Sunday was a grand day. Conducted two knee-drills—one in the Citadel, the other in London East. Juniors took charge of the afternoon service, being their anniversary. Sunday night was a grand time of salvation. Four souls came out for salvation. Monday was the long-looked-for day. Grand junior anniversary program. Sergt.-Major Maisey, with the assistance of Mrs. Brigadier Hargrave, worked hard in getting up the special program. The London juniors are ahead of anything we have seen yet for giving a grand service of this kind. We are looking forward for some grand victories.—H. C. K.

### Two Souls.

Galt.—Our meetings are well attended. The Ensign's straight talks on the Bible to backsliders and sinners are having a good effect. On Sunday five held up their hands to be prayed for and two came forward and surrendered to God.—A Soldier.

### Three Souls.

Strathroy.—Many friends testified for God on Sunday afternoon, including a little boy who found Jesus recently. Mrs. Gare sang of "Hallelujah Land," using her guitar. Some changes have been made in the band and the music it produces is splendid. Two juniors and one senior were converted during the day. Wishing all a Happy New Year.—A. Haldane.

## Newfoundland Province.

### A Hallelujah Wedding.

St. John's Nfld.—Bro. Richards and Sister Mrs. Edgar looked very happy on the occasion of the visit of Adj. Brown to this corps, and the many who had enquired, "Who is it?" were satisfied when the two comrades mentioned above, supported by Capt. C. L. Jones and Bro. A. Cummings, took their places on the platform. Mrs. Staff-Capt. McGillivray was mistress of ceremonies, and Adj. Williams, with the No. 1. braves, came along to take part as well. Bro. and Sister Richards (as we were afterwards able to address them) have the best wishes of their comrades, and one and all say, "God bless them, and make their united lives useful and happy.—Spy.

### Called by the Saviour.

Rocky Harbor.—Death has visited our corps and taken from our midst one whom we shall miss. When the messenger came it found our sister waiting for the call. Sister J. White, who was War Cry Sergeant of this corps, through her godly life and deep interest in the fight, had an influence which will never be forgotten. The soldiers and kind friends who visited and watched over her and heard the testimony which she left behind, have not the least doubt but that her spirit is basking in the sunbeams of eternal happiness. Just before she passed away, looking up into her father's face, she exclaimed, "O, father, I do love you, but I love Jesus more." She also remarked how glad she was that she sought and found the Saviour in her health. We extend our sympathy to the bereaved ones, and we ask the prayers of all especially for the poor sorrowing mother and father, who take a great interest in the work of the Army.—P. Woolfrey, Lieut.

### Three Souls.

Tilt Cove.—Sunday night was a soul-saving time; three souls sought mercy. Perhaps you would like to know how we got on with our Harvest Festival. Our target of \$92 has been knocked to pieces, and we've come off with flying colors.—C.-C. Herbert Dicks.

### Seven Souls.

Bell Island, Nfld.—For the past year and a-half we have been laboring under peculiar circumstances, having had to conduct meetings in a shack; but some blessed times were spent in it, and a number

of souls claimed pardon. On Sept. 13th, 1904, Capt. Cummings laid the foundation of a new barracks, measuring 20x35 feet. The Captain worked hard day and night, and on Nov. 27th, 1904, Ensign Trickley, assisted by Captains Cummings and Loveless, dedicated the new hall to the Lord. It was a day that will be long remembered by the people of Bell Island, when comrades and officers gave themselves afresh to God. On Sunday night two more souls came forward, making a total of seven for the day.—One on duty.

### Believing for a Glorious Time.

Hant's Harbor.—We are still alive. We have just said good-bye to our officers, Capt. Sainsbury and Henderson, who have been with us sixteen months, and proved themselves to be a great blessing to us. Also we have just welcomed into our midst Capt. Foote and Lieut. Whitman, full of zeal to smash the devil's kingdom. We are believing for a glorious time.—Sergt.-Major Janes.

## GIVING MEN A NEW CHANCE.

The Haven is Helping Them to Help Themselves Again.

(Spokane Chronicle.)

A large number of unemployed and stranded men are found temporary employment and given a shelter at a nominal sum by the officers of the Salvation Army Haven each week. And, better than employment and shelter, Adjutant Andrews, the officer in charge, has, by a little aid and good counsel, frequently helped men to "brace up" and regain self-respect, and not a few such men are now holding good positions in Spokane.

In some instances Mr. Andrews has taken in and sheltered some of the most unpromising persons, and has found that they were men of ability when assisted to start again on the right road.

No man is turned away from the Haven, so long as there is room, however unpromising and destitute he may be.

### Got a New Start.

Not long ago a man came into the Haven about as filthy and dirty as a man could be, and asked Adj. Andrews if he could give him some assistance. He had been tending bar in a low resort in Butte.

The man was given use of the bath and fitted out with a suit of second-hand clothing. After working at odd jobs for a short time, he secured permanent employment, and is now a respectable citizen.

Another man who came to the Haven in a similar condition is now holding a good position and drawing a salary of \$65 a month.

In the past five days twenty-nine men have been provided with temporary and permanent employment.

### What the Woodyard Did.

During the past year the Salvation Army Woodyard has sold over 1,000 cords of wood, for the cutting and splitting of which about \$1,000 was paid out. This large sum of money went to men who otherwise would have been unemployed. The sawing was nearly all done by men about the Haven.

There is now a great demand for second-hand clothing at the Haven, not less than 250 garments being given out last month.

In the month of October the record shows that 715 men were given lodging in the charity department of the Haven, which, at ten cents each, would have paid the Haven \$71.50. It is estimated that not over \$25 or \$30 was received, the balance being donated to men unable to pay even the small sum of 10 cents for a bed.

## A KLONDIKE LETTER.

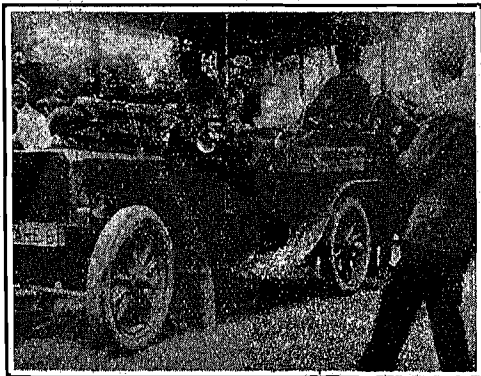
Dawson, November 29, '04.

Mistur Iditir,—

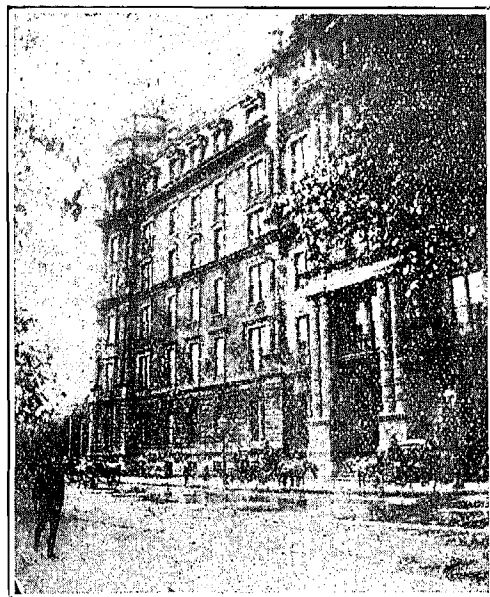
It is wld pleasure that I take me pen in hand to inform yez that the Dawson corps is not only howldin' the owld fort fur dear life, but they are to sum extint puttin' the devil on the defensive, do yez know?

Capt. Adams is a great Salvationist. Shure, sir, he wears three S's awl the toime—two on his neck and wan on the end of his name. Well, Captain led a special matrin' a few days ago, called, "Stips to Heaven." The belairf of the Army was emphasized in such a way as to lave no doubt of them havin' a high standard of religion.

Another gude matrin' was got up by Mrs. Adj. Cummins. It was a grand recital, and awl the officers had to recite. Awl was folne, but wan or



On Tour with the General.



Windsor Hall, Montreal.

two was excellent. Thin we had music from the accordin and mandolin, as well as some gude songs and a Bible lesson.

But Pat sez yez want to know if anybody is gittin' saved, and I am proud to say "Yes." Wan man was converted in a jail matrin', and the report fur last wake was good. Wan man made a stand in the matrin's, and two women was soundly saved durin' the visitation of our faithful Captains, Andrews and Pease.

The battle of the hour is now on. The conflict will be fierce, but "the weapons of our warfare is not karnal, but mighty throo God to the pullin' down of strongholds."

Yourn as much as iver,  
Movin' Jerry.

## OUR HISTORY CLASS

### V.—THE ENGLISH.

Chapter XXIII.—Continued.

Elizabeth cried, and said her boys were better apart, for they quarrelled when they were together, and that she could not give up little Richard. In truth, she guessed that their uncle wanted to get rid of them and to reign himself; and she knew that while she had Richard, Edward would be safe, since it would not make him king to destroy one without the other. Archbishop Bouchier, who believed Richard's smooth words, and was a very good, kind man, thought this all a woman's nonsense, and told her that if she would not give up the boy freely, he would be taken from her by force. If she had been really a wise, brave mother, she would have gone to the Tower with her boy, as queen and mother, and watched over her children herself. But she had always been a silly, selfish woman, and was afraid for herself. So she let the Archbishop lead her child away, and only sat crying in the sanctuary instead of keeping sight of him.

The next thing that happened was that the Duke of Gloucester caused one Dr. Shaw to preach a sermon to the people of London in the open air, explaining that King Edward IV. had been a very bad man, and had never been properly married to Lady Grey, and so that she was no queen at all, and her children had no right to reign. The Londoners liked Gloucester and hated the Woodvilles, and all belonging to them, and after some sermons and speeches of this sort, there were so many people inclined to take as their king the man rather than the boy that the Duke of Buckingham led a deputation to request Edward to accept the crown in his nephew's stead. He met it as if the whole notion was quite new to him, but, of course, accepted the crown, sent for his wife, Anne Nevil, and her son, and was soon crowned as King Richard III. of England.

As for the two boys, they were never seen out of the Tower again. They were sent into the prison part of it, and nobody exactly knows what became of them there; but there cannot be much doubt that they must have been murdered. Some years later two men confessed that they had been employed to smother the two brothers with pillows, as they slept; and though they added some particulars to the story that can hardly be believed, it is most likely that this was true. Full two hundred years later, a chest was found under a staircase, in what is called the White Tower, containing bones that evidently had belonged to boys about fourteen and eleven years old; and these were placed in a marble urn among the tombs of the kings in Westminster Abbey. But even to this day, there are some people who doubt whether Edward V. and Richard of York were really murdered, or if Richard were not a person who came back to England and tried to make himself king.

## IMMIGRATION AND TRANSPORTATION DEPARTMENT.

Will officers and soldiers remember that we have a Shipping Agency at Headquarters, and can book passengers to all parts of the world. If you have anyone going or coming from England, or elsewhere, kindly write us for rates, etc., or have them do so. Address: Brigadier T. Howell, 20 Albert St., Toronto.

# Commissioner David Rees.

## A CHARACTER SKETCH.

By Brigadier Complin, International T. H. Staff.

God Almighty's choices of men for His service are seldom along the routine of human plannings.

For a king, He passes by the tall, warriors of Jesse, and chooses just a simple shepherd lad.

When a successor is required for Elijah, the National Reformer, a ploughman ploughing in the field, is called.

Of ordinary fishermen He makes apostles.

His own Son—it is at least highly probable—had His early training in a carpenter's shop; and since then history abounds with instances illustrating the apostolic truth which affirms: "God hath chosen the weak things of this world to confound the things which are mighty," 1 Cor. i. 27. David Rees can claim, justly, to being in this succession.

The Salvation Army has only twenty-two Commissioners, and, without question, among the most vitally important of their great responsibilities, has been that devolving upon Commissioner Rees during the last eight years, yet God selected him—a future Principal of the International Training Homes—from a biscuit factory at Reading, England.

Happily the biscuit factory was one of the finest firms in Britain. In it young David saw Christian homiletics materialized in the everyday operations of the firm.

### Conscience in Business.

"I have seen," said the Commissioner recently, "our employer make an immense monetary sacrifice where most men would think it quite unnecessary.

"For instance, on one occasion I remember, there were several men employed in breaking eggs one Saturday, ready for Monday morning. Now it is a matter of fact that with all our modern inventions, there has never yet been produced a machine which will register whether an egg is good or bad. We have to rely on the sense of smell. Hence the necessity of employing so many hands on this particular detail.

"Each egg, as it was dropped into a cup, was subjected to a smell test. It so happened that one of the men dropped in a bad egg at a moment when the master was near by. Did he let it pass because it was a small thing? No! Although it was impossible, among the thousands of eggs to detect the bad one, those eggs were consigned to be worked up into broken biscuits, the governor saying, 'I sell my biscuits for what they are.'"

Such deeds as these, unemblazoned by advertising, and done purely for principle's sake, laid a substratum of character—raw material ready for the head of the Great Potter—which, when under the inspiration of the Master's touch, stood him in good stead in the responsible days to come.

Not only were the great principles of righteousness and adherence to truth there seen, but the smaller details of conduct—those matters which go so far to make the successful business man—were also in continuous operation.

To be a very successful Salvation Army officer, two standing qualifications—and those in a very eminent degree—are essential. The first, though not the most important, is to be

### A Good Machine.

I do not think any college, or other educational centre in the land, could have supplied better, probably not so well, the training required to make young David Rees a good machine, than did the great biscuit firm at Reading.

The subject of this sketch went to the firm at the age of thirteen, and only left it at the call of God, when he set out for the Salvation Army Training Homes fourteen years after.

During those years young David saw the value of time. Day by day, week by week, month by month, and year by year, Sabbath

days and holidays only excepted, he saw an army of eight thousand workmen come to work at the appointed tick of the clock.

He saw the army of men divided and subdivided in such a fashion that each one, within three minutes, took up his appointed task at his appointed place. He saw this all done, too, without the grievous error of stultifying or even cramping the capacity, energy, and productiveness of the worker, as is the case with some amateurish controllers of other men's labor; and thus the value of organized and systematic work was placed before his mind as a huge object-lesson.

He saw also home interests, recreations, and any other of the many departments of life which make their perfectly just claims upon a young man in a modern city, all subordinated to the claims of work, for, in order to produce the articles at the standard of excellence required by the firm, he and others were frequently taking their places on duty at midnight; at 2, 3, or 4 a.m.; in fact, it would be literally correct to say that at every hour of the twenty-four he has started work, while the pressure of business has been such that he has been at it for three consecutive days, and two nights, without taking off his clothes. Now, to bring work up to such an imperial position as this, and to get a young man to accept it as the proper thing, is, humanly speaking, to ensure to him success.

To his credit, and to the future profit of the Kingdom of God, David Rees had the good sense to see the true inwardness of these and many other kindred operations of the firm, so that when but eighteen years of age there were thirty-eight employees working under him, while by the time he reached his majority he had so won the confidence of the firm that he was made a foreman, a position of such responsibility that it placed hundreds of men under his management, nine-tenths of them his seniors in years.

He had no "pull" on anyone. He went up in the only satisfactory way, namely, by merit.

### Working Out His Lessons.

Commissioner Rees' after work in the Army is simply a reproduction of the lessons learned so well at Reading.

Take, for instance, his visitation.

I do not suppose anyone, either before or since, has excelled Capt. David Rees at this essential feature of an officer's duty.

Not that his initiatory lesson on this subject, while in training, was a good one. It was not. He was taken to a suburb a couple of miles from the Training Home, supposedly to visit sinners with a view to winning them to Christ. His companion, an older Cadet, instead of doing business for eternity, knocked at a house where he was evidently well-known and expected, for the door speedily opened, and a lady appeared, who said, "Come in, and tea is all ready."

When Cadet Rees found it was to be loafing and not visiting, his previous training took effect. He rebelled, and said, "If this is what you are going to do, you will never get me any more."

In spite of this bad beginning, when in charge of a corps afterwards, he so planned his work, and worked his plan, that he became famous.

His doings reached the ears of the General.

The General sent down his A.D.C., Major Johnson, to spend a week with Capt. Rees, and investigate on the spot what was being done, and how.

This information the General required, so Major Johnson stated, for a book he was writing, which was to be called, "Rules and Regulations for Field Officers." This was in the year 1883.

It was no uncommon thing for him to go out at 5 a.m., 4 a.m., and even 3 a.m., to take a man to work, and give the new convert a few helping words before he got among his

unsaved workmates; but starting at 9.30 a.m. he would do three hours' visitation in the morning, and three in the afternoon, and he worked at this on Mondays and Saturdays, as well as the intervening days.

In Hull, where the closely-packed condition of the streets offered peculiar advantages for quick work, he did five hundred houses weekly. He would go in with a bright and cheery "God bless you," take a turn at the mangle or dolly peg if the good wife was washing, ask a pointed question or two on spiritual matters, drop on his knees, pray, shake hands, and "Good-morning," in from three to five minutes; only a good chance of saving a soul detained him longer.

By this brisk work he hindered none and blessed all.

### Systematic Work.

How systematically he worked may be judged from the fact that one day a telegram arrived for him in the middle of the morning. His Lieutenant found it needed his immediate attention. Looking at the plan of work he said, "Ah! the Captain is in such a square today. It is now eleven o'clock. He will be at about house number — now." Off he went, and found the Captain just as described.

Of course the work of God increased by leaps and bounds.

He has worked similarly right through his career, the acknowledged success of his catering in Exeter Hall for the visiting officers to the I. C. C., being one of the latest evidences.

Like most men who can say of each day, "Something accomplished, something done," David Rees has kept up all through his Army career his early habit of rising betimes.

This is invaluable to a busy man.

Here in the International Training Homes it enables him to deal with extensive correspondence before 9 a.m., at which time his interviews with the various Departmental heads begin, and with councils, boards, lectures, classes, etc., fill up many hours of each day.

Early rising is a difficult practice to acquire, and as difficult to maintain under the nervous strain of the strenuous life required by the Army, but it is becoming less possible each day to hold a high position in the Army without it, and I would put it among the essential qualities which have contributed to the success of Commissioner Rees.

Then there is the subordination of other interests to duty. He is the stuff Britons are made of in this respect. At six hours notice he went to Canada and took charge, his wife too sick to go, had to follow him later.

(To be continued.)

## A Sunday at Old Number One.

(Special.)

Esther St. corps had a good "line" of Specials yesterday (Sunday). Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire, Staff-Capt. Manton, and the Provincial Staff took command of the meetings all day. The afternoon and evening services were held in the spacious Occident Hall, corner of Bathurst and Queen Sts.

The Colonel's theme in the morning was, "What is, and what is not, holiness," and at night, "Repentance."

The congregations were excellent and the meetings were of the most powerful character, inasmuch as nine souls sought pardon, and when the benediction was pronounced there was still much conviction. The receipts for the day were about \$18.

There are grand, good times for the Old No. 1. Corps this winter.

A great sin. To love a small sin is a great sin.

♦ ♦ ♦

A master, the other day, while giving a lesson intended to ask, "What is the rule for finding keys with flats?" What he did say was, "What is the rule for finding fleas with cats?" Pupil and master are both convalescent.



## Maggie's Conversion, And What Came of It.

Mrs. Tabitha Ludlow was one of the pillars of the old Presbyterian Church at X——, and, but for a hard vein in her character, might have been a "Mother in Israel." It seemed a thousand pities, as folks say, that so worthy a woman should lack the crowning virtue of charity, or love, without which all other virtues lose their power to bless. Tabitha Ludlow was just, considerate, and pious in the best sense of the word. That she was patient was proved by the way she bore with Maggie, the domestic servant, who, without being really wicked, succeeded in making the home of Mrs. Ludlow uncomfortable and unhomelike.

Washing-day was Maggie's day for trying her mistress' patience almost to breaking point. No one in Scotland, or out of it, ever contrived to squeeze more aggravation out of The Old Hundredth than did Maggie, as she leaned against the washtub drawing out the words—

"All people that on earth do dwell,  
Come, praise the Lord with cheerful voice,"

her lazy hands keeping time to the slowly ejaculated syllables—a rub for each syllable.

The Old Hundredth is a beautiful tune, but not inspiring to a busy housewife who is anxious to get the clothes out before the rain comes on. Maggie seldom, if ever, seconded her desires in this direction. She was a past-master in the art of dawdling.

We will leave Maggie to her washing and her dawdling whilst we take a peep at Mrs. Ludlow and a visitor who has dropped in to luncheon (as visitors have an awkward habit of doing on washing-days). George David Stubbs is an old friend of the Ludlows, and therefore must be excused. He also is a Presbyterian of "sound doctrine" and fond of his Bible. In one direction he is unlike Mrs. Tabitha. He is not satisfied to save his own soul and leave the lost sheep to perish in the wilderness. That is why he is wearing the Auxiliary Badge of the Salvation Army—sound Presbyterian though he be. He means to have a hand in the grand soul-saving work of the Army, and, what is more, he wants to enlist the sympathies of his old friend in the same direction.

George Stubbs always contrives to bring the Army to the top when he visits Mrs. Ludlow, though each time he does so she sits upon him with all the energy of her strong nature.

"It's no use, George David," she says, "we shall never agree on that subject. Why you want to go trapesing after such folks passes me. You, the son of an Elder, and reared from your cradle in sound doctrine and respectability! It's going after strange gods, that's what it is."

Then Mrs. Ludlow changes the subject, stiffening her very straight back and compressing her thin lips in a way which warns George David Stubbs, commercial traveler and Salvation Army Auxiliary, to "shut up"—until next time.

Business takes him in other directions, George Stubbs saw nothing of his old friend for several months. When he set his foot once more in X——, Mrs. Tabitha received him cordially and pressed him to stay to dinner. He accepted her invitation, and during dinner talked about everything he thought would interest his friend. He had not forgotten the Army, but he could not just hit upon the right way of turning the conversation. Mrs. Tabitha, however, presently took the matter out of his hands altogether.

"Have you no news of the Salvation Army, George? I can't say that I understand their methods, but I should be glad to know more about them. Have you any of their publications with you?"

George David could scarcely believe his ears, and lost no time in asking for an explanation.

"Well, it's like this," said Mrs. Tabitha with moist eyes, "I've been compelled to alter my opinion of the Army by something that has happened in the kitchen. One evening, soon after your last visit, Maggie came home looking very bright and somewhat excited, I thought. She came straight to the room where I was seated, and said, 'Oh, Mrs. Ludlow, I've been and got converted in the Army, and I thought maybe you'd like to know, and I am sorry for having given you so much trouble, and will you forgive me?' (Tabitha's eyes were very moist as she related the incident.) Thinking the girl excited, I told her to go to bed as soon as she had had her supper, and we would talk in the morning."

"To make a long story short, George, this house has got converted since that evening. The meals are ready in time, and I no longer dread washing-day and The Old Hundredth as I used to do. Maggie is up with the lark, and instead of drawing out The Old Hundredth, as she used to do, she scrubs and washes to quite another tune. The words run like this, I believe—

"We're a happy lot of people, yes we are;  
Our sins are all forgiven, and we're on our way to heaven,

We're a happy lot of people, yes we are."

"You see, I am becoming quite versed in Army lore, and there's no telling what may happen next. If I hadn't seen a dawdler transformed under my very eyes I could not have believed such a thing possible."

When George David had gone his way and Maggie went into her mistress' bed-room to lay some starched things upon the linen chest she staved long enough in the room to dance a little jig. There, on the dressing-table, stuck in the pin-cushion, was a brand new Auxiliary pin. George David had evidently scored a victory before leaving. Mrs. Tabitha Ludlow would henceforth be an Auxiliary, and take the trouble to look into the Army's methods for herself.

### "THIS THING I DO,

I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."—Phil. iii. 14.

Climbing, climbing, always climbing  
Up the steep ascent to God;  
Often stumbling, weak and weary,  
Often trembling 'neath the rod.

Climbing in the dawn's pale glory,  
When my heart is fresh and strong,  
Praying still for greater courage,  
As the way grows hard and long.

In the glowing noontide climbing,  
As the sun beats hotly down;  
Path so toilsome, cross so heavy,  
And so far off seems the crown.

'Mid the evening's dusky shadows,  
When the air is cool and dim,  
Climbing toward the Holy City,  
As I sing my evening hymn.

In my midnight dreams still climbing,  
With an ever active mind,  
Oft in dreadful fear of falling  
Down the steep left just behind.

Climbing oft with scarce a foothold,  
Up the mountain's rugged face,  
Pressing onward, almost fainting,  
To some transient resting-place.

Climbing up the path so narrow,  
Trodden by a faithful few  
Who have chosen Paul's grand motto:  
"Brethren, this one thing I do."

"This one thing," all else forgetting,  
Battles lost and battles won;  
Till I reach the Golden Portal,  
Pressing on, and always on!

Elsie M. Graham.

To-morrow is the womb of eternity, and may never come to the birth.

He is very foolish who aims at satisfying all the world and its father.

## Hattie's Faithful Life.

The many comrades and friends of Sister Hattie Clarke will, I am sure, deeply sympathize with her in the bereavement of her dear mother, who went home to Jesus on Thursday, Nov. 10th.

A word here would not be out of place regarding Hattie's life. Of this much might have been said if her work had been to the front, and much might be said, but as her work has been so much behind the scenes, little of her real life has been known but to a very few of the S. A. comrades—better known to God and her own heart.

Some years ago, attending Army meetings in the town where she was teaching school, and had been teaching for some years, her soul was brought into the light and blessed experience of heart-purity. Even this part of her experience would take too long to tell how wonderfully God led her on through every difficulty; but regardless of future circumstances—alone with God, on her knees, counting the cost, allowing the pruning-knife to do its work, casting away that which had been dear—made a complete surrender of all for time and eternity, and her soul was cast upon Him who said, "I am with you always, even to the end."

Then came the testing-time. Perhaps not given over as fully into Satan's hands as was Job, yet here again much might be said—and said with profit both to saint and sinner—of the disappointment, leaving school, going home, etc., etc. Yet in all this Hattie's face was Zionward, and she still trusted the voice that softly whispered, "I will never leave thee."

But soon came the care of a widowed mother of which she was the only child; and her faithfulness, devotion, and loyalty in supplying every need, gratifying every wish, has been greatly admired by many, as well as owned and blessed of God. Shortly after going home she was transferred to the Belleville corps, some twelve or thirteen years ago, it being the nearest corps to her home; but it being fourteen miles from her home deprived her of the privileges of which many of her comrades have enjoyed. Sometimes I wonder if we who are more highly privileged remember at the Throne of Grace the isolated ones as they remember us. At heart, Sister Clarke has been loyal, collecting for Self-Denial and Harvest Thankoffering efforts, walking many miles at a time in order to reach her target, but seldom ever getting to a meeting. There were two meetings in which she always enjoyed meeting the comrades, in spirit—the Sunday morning kneed-rill, and the holiness meeting, seldom ever missing these in her own home, she and her dear mother being the only ones present. Truly theirs has been a home of prayer.

Sister Clarke has also been Superintendent of the Methodist Sunday School in her neighborhood for the last seven years, working in any and every way that has been her privilege for the good of mankind, her one aim being the salvation of souls. In all this, whether at Church, Sunday School, S. S. Conventions, Army meetings, etc., etc., Sister Clarke has never laid off her uniform, winter or summer, sunshine or rain, the Army band is always to be seen. May God continue to bless her abundantly and comfort her heart in these days of bereavement.—Ella Comstock, Eng.

### ABOUT THE BIBLE.

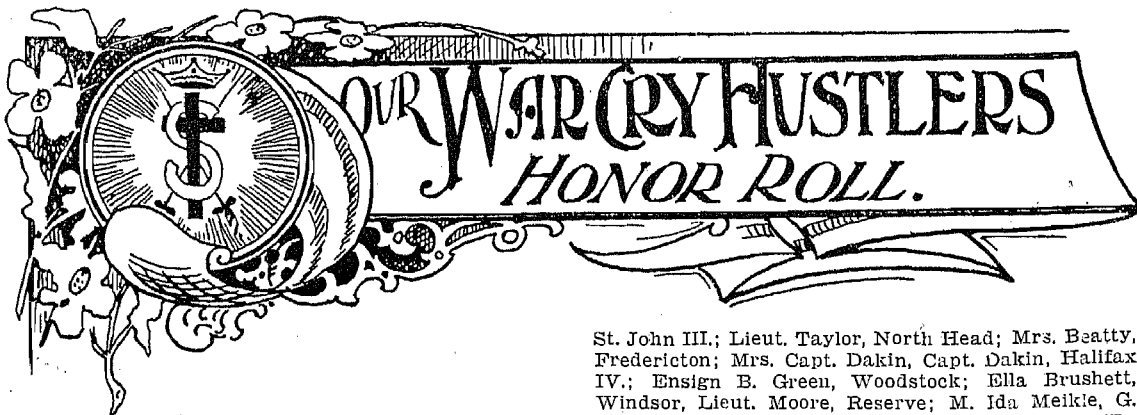
The Jews, in order to preserve the integrity of their inspired writings, and to prevent the intrusion of literal errors into their copies of the Scriptures, adopted the plan of writing down the exact number of words, verse points, and accents in each book; and the amount was placed at the end of each book by the Jewish doctors, called Masorites.

For instance, Bereshith, or Genesis, is marked as containing:

Verses, 1,534.  
Columns, 43.  
Words, 27,713.

Lines, 4,395.  
Chapters, 50.  
Letters, 78,100.

To read the Bible through in one year, it is necessary to read three chapters every day, taking sometimes two short Psalms together.



Brigadier Burditt's Boomers in a Snow-Bank—  
Hurrah for the East!—Spasmodic  
Boomers.

With dismay we look upon the Competition List this week. "Absence," it is said, "makes the heart grow fonder." This statement, however, hardly applies to the North-West Province. It is decidedly conspicuous by its absence. Newfoundland is excusable, as the seas are uncertain.

The East is away in the lead. It can set the pace as easy as rolling off a log. There are distinctly no rivals in the field.

The Central Ontario Province and West Ontario Province keep near the top, but never get there. A warm boomers' breeze would work wonders, and thaw out the icebergs in which they appear to be lodged.

Some of these hustlers' names adorn the Honor Roll as regularly as clock work. We note them all. We hope they received their Christmas boxes from the Editorial all right. But there are others who spasmodically boom the Cry, and there are others who never do anything to push the sales of the Cry. Now for a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether.

You certainly all did well with the sales of the Christmas Cry, so well that the supply ran out. Why couldn't this be done every week? I rely upon you all so fully, dearly beloved.—From Your Devoted Uncle.

#### Eastern Province.

##### 131 Hustlers.

Capt. Long, New Glasgow	225
Duncan Martin, Glace Bay	250
Capt. A. Murthough, St. John I.	213
P. S.-M. Casbin, Halifax I.	167
Ensign Martin, Sydney	150
Lieut. Berry, North Sydney	149
Capt. B. Murthough, St. John II.	125
Sergt. McQueen, Moncton	125
Lieut. Ramey, Halifax	121
Mrs. Hudson, Hamilton, Ber.	120
Sergt. Taylor, St. George's	112
Capt. Strathairn, Moncton	100
Capt. Richards, Sydney	100
Harry Flood, Hamilton, Ber.	100
Lieut. Crowell, Dominion	100

90 and Over.—Capt. McDonald, Fredericton.

80 and Over.—Capt. Smith, New Aberdeen; Capt. Kenny, Annapolis; Lieut. Glen, Sussex; Lieut. Thistle, St. Stephen; Capt. Conrad, Digby.

70 and Over.—R. Reid, St. John I.; Sergt. Jennings, St. George's, Ber.; Lieut. Luther, Louisburg; Lieut. Clark, Chatham; Capt. Janes, Sydney Mines; Ensign McLean, Woodstock; Capt. Barnard, Eastport; Capt. Newell, John Jones, Springhill.

60 and Over.—Lieut. McAmmond, Lieut. E. Brewer, Southampton, Ber.; Mrs. Ensign Carter, Sergt. Jackson, Yarmouth; Capt. Ritchie, Lieut. Falle, Liverpool; Lieut. Selig, Westville; Mrs. Ensign Piercy, Charlottetown; Capt. Brace, Lieut. Large, Sackville; Bro. McInnis, P. S.-M. McAlmon, Londonderry; Mrs. Chamber, Cadet A. Bragden, Calais.

50 and Over.—Alice Watts, Halifax I.; Sergt. Virgil, Somerset; Lieut. Galway, Bridgewater; Lieut. Grant, Clark's Harbor; Lieut. Crowell, Dominion; Ivie Morrison, Houlton; Lily Patrick, Sergt. Armstrong, Capt. F. White, St. John III.; Cadet Hazelton, Hillsboro; Bro. J. Doyle, Halifax IV.; Jessie Irons, Windsor; Capt. Weakley, Lieut. McWilliams, Bridgetown; Ensign Clark, Sergt. Hathfield, Parrsboro; Treas. Mercer, St. John V.; Ensign Prince, Lieut. Wyld, Carleton.

40 and Over.—Bessie Sharpsham, Windsor; Mrs. Lyons, Fredericton; Capt. McKenzie, New Glasgow; Mrs. Capt. Hogan, Capt. Hogan, Campbellton; Minnie McLanlan, St. John I.; Ida Hooper, Halifax I.; Capt. Vandine, St. George's, Ber.; Capt. Millar, Port Hood; Cadet Hardwick, Capt. Hargrove, Newcastle; Sergt. Hodgson, Mabel Smythe, Halifax II.; Capt. McGillivray, Summerside; Sergt. E. Worth, Charlottetown; Capt. Armstrong, Houlton.

30 and Over.—Riley McKenzie, Glace Bay; Mrs. Place, Mrs. Lodge, Hamilton, Ber.; Sergt. Packwood, C.-C. Kelley, St. George's, Ber.; J. S. S.-M. Phillips, Southampton; Capt. Tatem, Whitney Pier; Captain Backus, Yarmouth; Treas. J. Brown, Halifax II.; Ensign Miller, Sergt. Scott, Howard Patton, Westville; Ida McCullum, Charlottetown; Capt. G. Hall,

St. John III.; Lieut. Taylor, North Head; Mrs. Beatty, Fredericton; Mrs. Capt. Dakin, Capt. Dakin, Halifax IV.; Ensign B. Green, Woodstock; Ella Brushett, Windsor, Lieut. Moore, Reserve; M. Ida Meikie, G. E. McMasters, Canning; May Turner, St. John V.; Capt. Ogilvie, Lieut. Emery, Fairville.

20 and Over.—J. Morrison, Glace Bay; Mrs. Purdy, North Sydney; Mrs. George, Hamilton, Ber.; P. S.-M. Hays, Southampton; Capt. Forsey, Sergt. England, Chatham; Ensign C. Allen, Wm. McCulloch, Halifax II.; Cand. L. Simmons, Sister Mrs. Welkis, Lieut. Robinson, Lunenburg; Lieut. Harris, Mary Vrimmer, Summerside; Capt. Cavander, Sydney Mines; Jack Scott, Sam Boutheler, Dominion; Lena Cheder, P. S.-M. Cerule, Campbellton; Jessie Lyons, Fredericton; Capt. Speck, Ensign Green, Inverness; Alec Bond, New Aberdeen; Bessie Seaman, New Aberdeen; Amos Hamilton, Windsor; Capt. Williams, St. Stephen; Jennie Trask, Digby.

#### Central Ontario Province.

##### 79 Hustlers.

P. S.-M. Jordan, Lippincott	175
Lieut. Pascoe, North Bay	120
Sergt. Mrs. Moore, Riverdale	110
Sergt. Miles, Barrie	105
P. S.-M. Jones, Huntsville	100
Capt. Meeks, Yorkville	100
Ensign McCann, Soo, Ont.	100
Capt. Danberville, Soo, Ont.	100
Capt. Walker, Esther St.	100
Ensign Hoddinott, Midland	100

80 and Over.—Mrs. Burrows, Hamilton I.

70 and Over.—Adj. Newman, Barrie; Staff-Capt. McNamara, Lieut. Andrews, Owen Sound; Captain Bond, Fenelon Falls; S.-M. Stacey, Temple; Mrs. Staff-Capt. McAmmond, Bracebridge; Mrs. Ensign McClelland, Hamilton II.

60 and Over.—Ensign Howell, Riverside; Lieut. Bowcock, Orangeville; Capt. Plant, Oshawa; Mrs. Capt. Calvert, Capt. Calvert, Orillia; Bro. Carpenter, Orangeville.

50 and Over.—Mrs. Bowers, Sergt. Irwin, Lisgar St.; Sergt. Wingate, Sergt. Bradley, Temple; Sister Harding, Hamilton I.; Capt. John New, Dundas.

40 and Over.—Mrs. Ensign White, Nellie Richards, Lindsay; Mrs. Ensign Banks, Uxbridge; Bro. Burden, Mich. Soo; Capt. Richards, Omamee; Sergt. M. Andrews, Temple; Mrs. Phillips, Toronto Junction; Capt. McMillan, Hamilton I.; Lieut. Varnell, Capt. Jago, Newmarket.

30 and Over.—Mrs. Adj. Hyde, Lisgar St.; Lieut. Meeks, Gravenhurst; Sergt. Fletcher, Burk's Falls; Sergt.-Major Caddell, Lisgar St.; Capt. Stolliker, Riverdale; Sergt. Currie, Oshawa; Capt. Quailie, Kinmount; Capt. E. Meader, Capt. B. Sheppard, Brampton; Mrs. Ibbotson, Temple; P. S.-M. Campbell, Chesley.

20 and Over.—Capt. A. Jordan, Lieut. Plummer, Gore Bay; S.-M. Hinton, Oakville; Ensign White, Lindsay; Mrs. Adj. Habbirk, Hamilton I.; Capt. Lamb, Lieut. Langdon, Aurora; Treas. Helson, Lindsay; Mrs. Ellsworth, Mrs. Chamberlain, Bracebridge; Adj. Hay, Lisgar St.; Bro. Pope, Owen Sound; Ensign McClelland, Hamilton II.; Adj. Knight, Lippincott; Ensign Banks, Uxbridge; Bro. Thompson, Bro. Elliott, Mich. Soo; Ensign Howcroft, Gravenhurst; Capt. M. Wadge, Lieut. Stimers, Burk's Falls; P. S.-M. Heard, Kinmount; Staff-Capt. Coombs, Sister Beckett, Temple; Capt. M. Currell, Chesley; Elmer Canniff, Gore Bay; Eliza Zoofelt, Bracebridge; Sergt. Tuck, Lisgar St.

#### West Ontario Province.

##### 75 Hustlers.

Capt. Lightbourne, Brantford	175
Lieut. Beckingham, Stratford	150
Mrs. Adj. Snow, Smcoe	135
Lieut. Simpson, Galt	130
Mrs. Adj. Kendall, London	120
Capt. Richardson, Ridgetown	115
Sergt. Garside, London	114
Mrs. Capt. Fennacy, Strathroy	110
Lieut. Brown, Seaforth	105
Adj. Kendall, London	103

90 and Over.—Mrs. Capt. Clinansmith, Capt. Clinansmith, Guelph; Ensign Crego, Sarnia; Lieut. Carter, Goderich.

80 and Over.—Sergt. Procter, London; Captain Sharpe, Ingersoll; Lieut. Askin, Sarnia; Ensign LeCocq, St. Thomas; Capt. Bonney, Norwich.

70 and Over.—Mrs. Capt. Sharpe, Ingersoll; Mrs. Capt. Rock, Wallaceburg; P. S.-M. Dixon, St. Thomas; Staff-Capt. DesBrisay, Brantford; Lieut. Matter, Goderich; Mrs. Adj. Sims, Petrolia.

60 and Over.—Mrs. Capt. Bunton, Woodstock; Capt. Pattenden, Essex; Capt. Boyd, Clinton; Adj. Skms, Petrolia; Capt. Hmsley, Forest.

50 and Over.—Capt. Hippert, Lieut. Waldroffe, Kingsville; Lieut. Setter, Sister Wakefield, Dresden; Mrs. Huffman, Woodstock; Capt. Green, Palmerston; Capt. Kitchen, Lieut. Cunningham, Leamington;

Capt. McColl, Tillsonburg; J. S. S.-M. Smith, Aylmer; S.-M. Cutting, Essex; Lieut. Turner, Clinton; Mrs. Harding, Brantford.

40 and Over.—Capt. Thompson, Lieut. Gilbank, Paris; Mrs. Thompson, Woodstock; Robbie Walker, Windsor; Sergt. E. Blackwell, Petrolia; Lieut. Robinson, Hespeler; Capt. Maisey, Blenheim.

30 and Over.—Roy Clinansmith, Guelph; Captain Thompson, Thedford; Martha Carter, Wallaceburg; Capt. Stover, Aylmer; Mrs. Capt. Kerswell, Capt. Kerswell, Listowel; Sister Dalsen, Sec. Gilders, Hespeler; Lieut. Parks, Blenheim.

20 and Over.—Sister Hudson, London; Bro. Musgrove, Wroxeter; Sister Powers, Wallaceburg; Capt. Fennacy, Strathroy; Lucy Skerrett, Mrs. Trehair, St. Thomas; Ruth Green, Grace Green, Palmerston; C.-C. Linsley, Strathroy; Corps-Cadet Thompson, Sergt. Beck, Windsor; Belle Cartwright, Galt; C.-C. Cable, Stratford; Sergt. Bryson, Petrolia.

#### East Ontario Province.

##### 73 Hustlers.

P. S.-M. Mulcahy, Montreal I.	260
P. S.-M. Dudley, Ottawa I.	170
Mrs. Ensign Thompson, Ottawa I.	150
Lieut. Thompson, Napanee	125
Lieut. Cole, Quebec	130
P. S.-M. Raymo, Barre	120
Capt. Hicks, Sherbrooke	120
Lieut. Nelson, St. Johnsbury	120
Lieut. Morris, Burlington	110
Capt. O'Neil, Burlington	110
Mrs. Ensign Rose, Pembroke	110
Mrs. Adj. Jennings, Peterboro	100
Mrs. Ensign White, Barre	100
Mrs. Staff-Capt. Perry, Kingston	100
Cadet Muir, Cobourg	100
Sergt. Thompson, Belleville	100
Capt. Oldford, Ottawa I.	100

90 and Over.—S.-M. Stevenson, Peterboro; Sergt. Rogers, Montreal I.

80 and Over.—Capt. Owen, Picton; Lieut. Thomas, Capt. Liddell, Trenton (2 wks); Lieut. Millar, Prescott; Mary Dickson, Kingston; Ensign Slater Campbellford.

70 and Over.—Mrs. Adj. Cameron, Belleville; Ensign Gammalidge, Lieut. Duckworth, Port Hope.

60 and Over.—Corps-Cadet Castleman, Brockville; Staff-Capt. Perry, Kingston; Capt. Allan, Lieut. Osmond, Newport; Sergt. Hatcher, Montreal I.; Capt. Bushey, Lieut. Kelley, Odessa.

50 and Over.—Lieut. Salter, Peterboro; Ensign Clark, Cornwall; Mrs. Ensign Bradbury, Brockville; Mrs. Brown, Kingston; Bro. Webber, Montreal II.; Sergt. Russell, Sergt. Moors, Montreal I.

40 and Over.—Dad Duquet, Trenton; Lieut. McFadden, Capt. Lowrie, Deseronto; Beatrice Frederick, Campbellford.

30 and Over.—Capt. Phillips, Odessa; Lieut. Carpenter, Picton; Mrs. Ensign Clark, Mary Flannigan, Cornwall; Sister Lizzie White, Brockville; Mrs. Ensign Gillam, Sergt. Schnell, Sergt. Parkes, Montreal I.; Adj. Cameron, Belleville; P. S.-M. Arnold, Sergt. M. Wales, Ogdensburg.

20 and Over.—Sergt. Vinnette, Peterboro; Lizzie Pledger, Sec. Jewel, Picton; Mrs. Dine, Kingston; Sister Webber, Mrs. Capt. Coy, Sister Hippert, Montreal II.; Ensign Rose, Pembroke; Sergt. Vancour, Sergt. Armstrong, Montreal I.; Mrs. Day, Capt. Aylsworth, Ogdensburg; Lieut. Hodge, Sunbury; Capt. Ash, Lieut. Smith, Ottawa II.; Miss Gillam, Renfrew.

#### Pacific Province.

##### 38 Hustlers.

Capt. Knudson, Victoria	205
Capt. West, Vancouver	150
Mrs. Wilkins, Butte	125
Mrs. Dowell, Helena	105
Sister Wright, Bellingham	115
Mrs. Ensign Dowell, Great Falls	100
Cand. Braatz, Spokane	100
Sergt. Preston, Spokane	100

70 and Over.—Sister Scadden, Everett; Mrs. Capt. Allan, Billings; Capt. Papstein, Nelson; Sister Shute, Helena.

60 and Over.—Capt. Traviss, Fernie; Adj. Dean, Nelson; Capt. Quant, Missoula.

50 and Over.—Lieut. Rickard, Fernie; Mrs. Capt. Baynton, Capt. Lewis, New Westminster; Captain Jones, Victoria; Sister Darts, Missoula; Nellie Wilkins, Butte.

40 and Over.—Lieut. Davidson, Cand. Riley, Revelstoke; Sergt. Errington, Vancouver; Sergt. McCausland, Spokane; Sergt. Holton, Whatcom.

30 and Over.—Adj. Nelson, Rossland; Mrs. Hayes, Mt. Vernon; Mrs. J. Pierce, Butte; Ensign Dowell, Great Falls.

20 and Over.—Bro. Kestler, Everett; Bro. Johanson, Vancouver; C.-C. Jessie Janes, Helena; Mrs. Adj. Nelson, Bro. Britt, Rossland; Capt. Croser, Mt. Vernon; C.-C. Edna Osborne, Spokane.

#### Territorial Training College.

##### 18 Hustlers.

Cadet Gray, 58; Cadet Clark, 45; Cadet Chatterson, 38; Cadet Lazenby, 37; Cadet Wakefield, 34; Cadet Harris, 33; Cadet Russell, 33; Cadet McWilliams, 30; Cadet Pollard, 29; Cadet Stockford, 27; Cadet Wayne, 27; Cadet Bryon, 26; Cadet Norman, 24; Cadet Friedrich, 24; Cadet Coleman, 24; Cadet Griffiths, 24; Cadet Gilkinson, 22; Cadet Bowbrick, 21.

#### Klondike.

##### 4 Hustlers.

70 and Over.—Capt. Sainsbury, Mrs. Sainsbury, Skagway.

50 and Over.—Capt. Andrews, Capt. Pease, Dawson City.



## MEDICAL COLUMN.

### Diet in Disease of the Skin.

The physician is constantly asked by patients suffering from skin disease what they should eat and what they should not eat. Probably no other class of patients are so deeply impressed with the idea that their disease is due to impurities of the blood, and that extreme care should be taken to avoid certain articles of diet. Most of these patients have notions and hobbies as to what is proper for them to take and to avoid; and most of them think that dieting consists in the avoidance of food as far as possible.

It is true that the diet can be made to exercise considerable influence upon diseases of the skin as well as diseases of the internal organs; but it is not especially necessary to regulate the food in diseases of the skin, with certain exceptions to be presently mentioned.

In every case it should be remembered that the plan of dieting does not mean to reduce the patient to the verge of starvation, but simply to grant him such articles of food, and in such quantities, as will, in the opinion of the physician, tend to restore his bodily functions to their natural condition. In most cases the patient needs to be built up more than to be torn down; for most diseases of the skin, even those of local origin, such as ringworm, indicate the patient is in a more or less debilitated condition, since these diseases do not ordinarily occur in persons of the most robust habits.

There are certain affections of the skin which are provoked and aggravated by indulgence in particular articles of diet; the patient soon learns to discriminate on these points for himself; he soon discovers which articles of food are especially apt to provoke

the outbreak of his complaint. Thus the sufferer from the nettle-rash early learns that he has an attack of the disease whenever he eats strawberries or oysters, or shell fish, or whatever his particular weakness may be.

Aside from these personal peculiarities, there are certain principles that apply to patients affected with chronic diseases of the skin. In most cases the appetite is a reliable guide, though it sometimes needs direction.

To begin with, it must be remembered that much of the difficulty from errors of diet arise not so much from the nature of the substances eaten as from the imperfect and careless way in which they are eaten. In our country especially, rapid eating and hurried chewing are prevalent habits, which are responsible for many other difficulties than that of the stomach. For digestion really begins in the mouth; here the food is not simply divided into small particles, so that it can be acted upon by the juices of the alimentary canal, but it is also mixed with the saliva, which effects certain changes in it. If the chewing be imperfectly performed, or if the saliva be imperfectly mixed with the food, there will result first derangement of the stomach, and subsequently derangements of the other organs. For the ill effects are not limited to the stomach alone. If this do its work imperfectly, additional work is required from other organs to piece out the work of the stomach, while at the same time these organs are supplied with imperfect blood, since the stomach does not digest and take up the food in the natural way. It is evident, therefore, that one of the first requisites for the diet of the patient affected with skin disease is that the food shall be easily digested.

When cycling, it is generally undesirable to fix a camera to any part of the machine, as the jarring causes dust marks on the plates. A small instrument which can be slung on the back of the rider, is therefore best, as the rider's body takes up the vibration.

## We are Looking for you

### To Parents, Relations and Friends:

We will search for missing persons in any part of the globe; befriend, and, as far as possible, assist wronged women and children, or anyone in difficulty. Address Commissioner Thomas B. Coombs, 20 Albert Street, Toronto, and mark "Enquiry" on the envelope. Fifty cents should be sent, if possible, to defray expenses. In case a reproduction of a photo is desired to be inserted with the advertisement, an extra charge of one dollar is made, which amount must be sent with the photo. Officers, soldiers, and friends are requested to look regularly through this column, and notify the Commissioner if they are able to give any information about persons advertised for.

### (First Insertion.)

4689. BOTTCHER, MAX. Native of Schlawa, Germany. Age about 40 years; left Germany twelve years ago. May have come to Canada. Sister very anxious about him.

4690. ANTHONY, RICHARD. Age 28 years, over 6ft. in height; Englishman by birth; came to Canada about twelve years ago. Last heard from in February, 1901; was then in the Marine Hospital, Detroit, Mich. (American Cry please copy.)

4691. MARSHALL, WM. Age 20, height 5ft. 10in., fair complexion, grey eyes. Left No. 1 Prime St., Kingston, eighteen months ago; last heard from in Watertown, N.Y. May have gone to the Western States.

### (Second Insertion.)

4676. SPEARS, WILLIAM. Age about 19. Ten years ago he was sent from the Rev. Remine's Home, Halifax, N.S. Any information thankfully received.

4680. GALBRAITH, JOHN. Native of Five Mile Town, Co. Fermanagh, Ireland. Married a Miss Nelson and came to Toronto forty years ago. Any information thankfully received.

4678. McDONALD, JOHN. Age 24 years, brown hair, grey eyes. Missing ten years. Last known address: Cold Water, Mich. May have gone to North Dakota or the Western States.

4679. McDONALD, FRED. Age 28 years, height 5ft. 10in., brown hair. Left Grand Rapids, Mich., six years ago for Dakota. Any information thankfully received.

4056. FUNGE, RICHARD WILLIAM. Ten dollars reward offered for the address of Richard Wm. Funge, who worked for Mr. Grimshaw, farmer, at Supton, Man., in the year 1901. Address F. M. Funge, Beamsville, Minn., U.S.A., or the above address.

4684. HANSON, THOMAS. Age 25, native of Douglas, Isle of Man; came to Canada about twelve or fourteen years ago; is supposed to be farming somewhere in Ontario, and not far from the borders of Lake Ontario. (American Cry please copy.)



4685. ROBERTS, GEORGE LAVINGTON. Age 25; came to Canada four years ago. He first settled at Calgary, afterwards at East Maple Creek, where he was in the ranching business. May have gone to McLeod or Lethbridge.

4687. MCGAW, JAMES. Age 67 years, height 6ft. 6in., dark hair, brown eyes, dark complexion; gardener; has also been a station master. Was last heard of in Montreal, P.Q.

4688. COLES, FREDERICK TURNER, sometimes known as Frank. Arrived in New York, per S.S. Philadelphia, in April, 1904. May have gone to Canada; is 31 years of age, height 5ft. 11in., rather stout, fair hair and complexion, auburn moustache.

### HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Shabby, dark leather will look almost like new if rubbed over with either linseed oil or the well-beaten white of an egg mixed with a little black ink. Polish with soft dusters until quite dry and glossy.

Batter Pudding of Cold Vegetables.—Any kind of cold vegetables may be used, and the more different kinds the better. Cold green peas, sprigs of cauliflower, slices of beet, onion, potatoes, or young carrots make a good mixture. Season them a little, lay in a greased baking dish, and pour over a batter made with six ounces of flour, one egg, and half a pint of milk. Bake till brown, and serve with gravy.

After carpets are tacked down they should be carefully swept, then gone over with a stiff scrubbing brush dipped in naphtha. Spots made with sweets must be removed with water, and those caused by gums of any sort, varnish, or wax, must be taken off by spirits and heat. It is well to clean such spots from Brussels or velvet before laying the carpets. Fill a large jug with boiling water, place the waxy or gummy spot over this, sprinkle with flour, magnesite, French chalk, or dry sawdust until just covered, then place a warm iron over the spot. The heat will soften gum or wax, and the powdered substance will draw it out and absorb it; after which apply spirits of turpentine to finish the cleaning process.

# A Happy New Year!

WE HEARTILY GREET our thousands of patrons all over the country, and trust the coming year will be fraught with rich blessing for each. We are anxious to do some small part towards making it such. The past year has been a very successful one, and the increase in business only whets our appetite for greater things. We want 1905 to mark the most decisive and progressive march in the Trade Department that we have ever taken. This is dead easy if our own people—officers and soldiers—will be a unit in the determination to patronize their own concern. We can do as well as any, and better than most concerns, when quality is considered. Therefore, we appeal to our comrades everywhere to assist us—and thus help the war—so that the coming year may be registered at its close as "the best yet."

### Band Uniform.

We propose making a special line of Tunics at a special price during the month of January, which is usually a slack month. Of course, these goods will not be the same goods or finish as our regular line. Still they will

be made of good material and nicely finished, and will make a good, serviceable garment.

**SPECIAL PRICE, \$7.00.**

Particulars given of this, and better lines, on application.

### A Silver-Plated Cornet

Is an article desired by most cornet players. Knowing this we have been endeavoring to get a First-Class article of the Army Make at a Reasonable Cost. We consider we have succeeded when we can quote these at the

following prices:

Besson Model, Silverplated ..... \$35.00

Courtois Model ..... 40.00

As we have to get these instruments from England, orders should be sent in good time.

### Trimmings.

Owing to the change of uniform the following prices have been adopted for trimmings on suits:

Cadet's Suit ..... \$ .75

Captain's and Lieutenant's Suit ..... 1.00

Ensign's Suit ..... 2.50

Adjutant's Suit ..... 3.00

Staff-Captain's Suit ..... \$3.50  
Major's Suit ..... 5.00  
Brigadier's Suit ..... 5.00  
Lieutenant-Colonel's Suit ..... 6.50  
Colonel's Suit ..... 7.50  
Staff Pants ..... 1.00  
Bandsman's Tunics .... \$2.50, \$2.75, and 3.00

### Photos and Pictorial Post Cards

Of Commissioner and Mrs. Coombs, are to hand, which many old friends will be glad to learn. As we have only a limited quantity orders should be sent in at once.

Photos, Cabinet Size ..... 25c.

Photos, Large Size, of Family ..... 50c.

Post Cards ..... 2 for 5c.

DEPOTS.—Owing to the expense of expressage, etc., these prices do not apply to Eastern and North-West Provinces where depots are established. A slight advance is necessary for the above reasons.

Trade Secretary, S. A. Temple, Toronto.



## TO GOD BE PRAISE.

Tune.—The Winds Blow Across the Wide Moor.

1 My God, I am Thine, I am Thine!  
This assurance—all glory to You—  
Gives strength to this poor heart of mine,  
While my journey I humbly pursue.  
It brings joy when all things go well—  
When I'm clothed with the garment of praise;  
It brings courage when some things go ill,  
And special strength for those dark days.

## Chorus.

There's a light at the river, etc.

I give thanks for the first ray of light  
That shined in my sin-darkened soul,  
And the spirit of witness so bright,  
Which graciously made my heart whole.  
I give thanks for the deep, earnest zeal  
To proclaim Thy great message to all,  
And a true Christian love that can feel  
For brothers or sisters who fall.

O Christ, that I should see the day  
When, unfaithful to all this I proved!  
When my sinful feet trod the by-way,  
In spite of Thy warnings and love.  
But the way of the wand'rer was hard;  
And the service of Satan was mean;  
An enlightened conscience was seared—  
My God, what remorse I have seen!

In the darkest hour of my life  
You restored me again to the fold,  
I gave up the sin and the strife,  
And received such a blessing untold.  
Now Jesus, I'm Thine, I am Thine!  
This assurance, so precious, so true,  
Gives peace to my poor troubled mind,  
While life's journey I humbly pursue.  
S. J. M., Dawson City, Yukon.

## THE JUDGMENT.

By Sister Vannet, Fargo, N.D.

Tune.—Oh, Calvary.

2 Ah, solemn thought, we all must stand  
Before God's awful judgment seat,  
And every soul, from every land,  
Their final, changeless doom will meet.

## Chorus.

Eternity! Eternity!  
Where will you spend eternity?

The joyful sentence will be heard  
By those who loved their Lord below,  
With gladness they will hail each word,  
And then to realms of glory go.

What different thoughts will occupy  
The minds of those who know Him  
not;

"Depart from Me," the Judge will say,  
"For you My favor never sought."

Lest this should be your fearful end,  
Repent while now the time is given;  
Believe in Christ, and you shall spend  
A blest eternity in heaven.

## COMPEL THEM TO COME IN.

Tune.—I Love the Sunday School.

3 The open-air is my delight,  
Oh, let us hasten there;  
And show for God our colors bright,  
And join in holy prayer.

## Chorus.

I love the open-air,  
So I do,  
I love the open-air,

Our blessed Saviour gave the word,  
"Go forth to save the lost.  
Follow the footsteps of your Lord,  
And fight sin's mighty host.

"Go out into the King's highway,  
Compel them to come in;  
My presence is your strength and stay,  
Through Me the victory win.

"Those whom I bade before to come  
Unworthy proved to be;  
And when I call the ransomed home  
They shall not sup with Me.

"Call in the poor, and blind, and lame  
To share the Gospel feast;

My power is evermore the same,  
To save the most and least.

"Unto the wedding feast them call,  
My house shall yet be full;  
Bring hither poor, and maimed, and all,  
As many as ye find."

Lord, help us to obey Thy word,  
Go out to save the lost;  
Thy Holy Spirit's aid afford,  
And conquer Satan's host.  
C. C. G., Toronto.

## HAPPY DAY.

Tunes.—Oh, Happy Day (N.B.B. 11); Monmouth (N.B.B. 9).

4 Oh, happy day, that fixed my choice  
On Thee, my Saviour and my God!  
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,  
And tell its raptures all abroad.

## Chorus.

Happy day, happy day,  
When Jesus washed my sins away!  
He taught me how to watch and pray,  
And live rejoicing every day,  
Happy day, happy day, etc.

Oh, happy bond, that seals my vows  
To Him who merits all my love!  
Let cheerful praises fill His house,  
While to the blessed throne I move.

'Tis done, the great transaction's done!  
I am my Lord's, and He is mine;  
He drew me, and I followed on,  
Charmed to confess His voice divine.

## COMMISSIONER COOMBS' WESTERN TOUR.

WINNIPEG ..... Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, Jan. 7, 8, 9  
BRANDON ..... Tuesday, Jan. 10  
CALARY ..... Thursday, Jan. 12  
VANCOUVER ..... Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 14, 15  
NEW WHATCOM ..... Monday, Jan. 16  
SPOKANE ..... Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 18, 19  
HELENA ..... Friday, Jan. 20  
BUTTE ..... Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 21, 22  
FARGO ..... Tuesday, Jan. 24

The Commissioner will be accompanied by Lieut.-Colonel Gaskin.

## TO THE FRONT!

Tune.—Victory for Me (N.B.B. 284).

5 To the front! the cry is ringing,  
To the front! your place is there,  
In the conflict men are wanted,  
Men of hope, and faith, and prayer;  
Selfish ends shall claim no right  
From the battle's post to take us;  
Fear shall vanish in the fight,  
For triumphant God will make us.

## Chorus.

No retreating, hell defeating,  
Shoulder to shoulder we stand;  
God, look down, with glory crown  
Our conquering band.  
Victory for me,  
Through the blood of Christ, my Saviour,  
Victory for me,  
Through the precious blood.

To the front! the fight is raging,  
Christ's own banner leads the way,  
Every power and thought engaging,  
Might divine shall be our stay;  
We have heard the cry for help  
From the dying millions round us,  
We've received the royal command  
From our dying Lord, who found us.

To the front! no more delaying,  
Wounded spirits need thy care;  
To the front! thy Lord obeying,  
Stoop to help the dying there;  
Broken hearts and blighted hopes,  
Slaves of sin and degradation,  
Wait for thee, in love to bring  
Holy peace and liberation.

Tunes.—Christ now Sits (N.B.B. 79); Spanish Chant (N.B.B. 90).

6

Jesus saves me every day,  
Jesus saves me every night,  
Jesus saves me all the way,  
Through the darkness, through the light.

## Chorus.

Jesus saves, oh, bliss sublime!  
Jesus saves me all the time.

Jesus saves when sorrows come,  
Jesus ends my doubts and fears,  
Jesus saves and leads me home,  
Jesus saves when death appears.

Jesus saves me, He is mine;  
Jesus saves me, I am His;  
Jesus saves while I recline  
On His precious promises.

Jesus saves, He saves from sin;  
Jesus saves, I feel Him nigh;  
Jesus saves, He dwells within,  
Gladly do I testify.

Tunes.—Just as I Am (N.B.B. 134); Take All My Sins Away (N.B.B. 135).

7

Just as I am—without one plea,  
But that Thy blood was shed for me,  
And that Thou bidst me come to Thee,  
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am—and waiting not  
To rid my soul of one dark spot—  
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each blot,  
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,  
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,  
Because Thy promise I believe,  
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am—Thy love I own  
Has broken every barrier down;  
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,  
O Lamb of God, I come!

Tune.—The Voice of the Lost (B.J. 90).

8 The voice of the lost comes from  
every land,  
And wallings of deep despair;  
Oh, join our warrior band,  
Who, with both heart and hand,  
To rescue them will boldly dare.

## Chorus.

The love of God does our hearts in-  
spire  
To be His warriors brave;  
And under the flag of the blood-and-  
fire,  
We onward go the world to save.

The flag of the Lord is now thrown to  
the breeze,  
And God calls His warriors true  
To sacrifice their ease,  
And o'er all lands and seas,  
To bear His Yellow, Red, and Blue.

The power of the Lord we go forth to  
tell  
To the wretched slaves of sin;  
He has rescued us from hell,  
We want them saved as well,  
That they our heaven may enter in.

## CENTRAL ONTARIO PROVINCE.

## LIEUT.-COLONEL PUGMIRE

Will visit Lindsay, Sat. and Sun., Jan. 7, 8; River-  
side, Thurs., Jan. 12 (Officers' Council); Brace-  
bridge, Sat. and Sun., Jan. 15, 16; Gravenhurst, Mon.,  
Jan. 17.

## Adj. Smith and the Men-Cadets

Will give the Signal Service at the following corps:  
Lisgar St., Jan. 12; Temple, Jan. 26; Dovercourt,  
Feb. 2; Lippincott, Feb. 16; Riverside, Feb. 23.

## EASTERN PROVINCE.

## STAFF-CAPT. McLEAN,

Assisted by Capt. Urquhart, with Moving Pictures  
of the International Congress, will visit Liverpool.  
Jan. 7, 8; Kentville, Jan. 9; Canning, Jan. 10; Wind-  
sor, Jan. 11; Londonderry, Jan. 12; Fairville, Jan. 13.

## T. F. S. APPOINTMENTS.

Ensign Bloss.—Bracebridge, Jan. 7, 8, 9; Burk's  
Falls, Jan. 10, 11; North Bay, Jan. 12, 13; Sturgeon  
Falls, Jan. 14, 15, 16; Sudbury, Jan. 17, 18; Copper-  
cliff, Jan. 19; Soo, Mich., Jan. 21, 22, 23.

Ensign Edwards.—St. Johnsbury, Jan. 7, 8; Barre,  
Jan. 9, 10; Burlington, Jan. 11, 12; Montreal II., Jan.  
13; Montreal IV., Jan. 14, 15; Montreal III., Jan. 16;  
Montreal I., Jan. 17, 18; Kemptville, Jan. 19, 20;  
Smith's Falls, Jan. 21, 22, 23.

Ensign Poole.—Chatham, Jan. 6, 7, 8; Dresden, Jan.  
9, 10; Wallaceburg, Jan. 11, 12; Sarnia, Jan. 13;  
Thedford, Jan. 14, 15; Forest, Jan. 16, 17; Petrolia,  
Jan. 18, 19; Strathroy, Jan. 20, 21, 22.